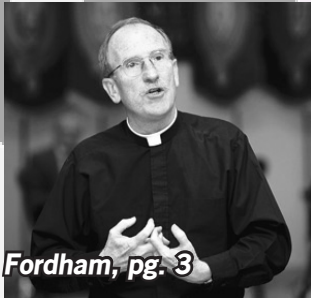


The Paper

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GAME OF PAPERS



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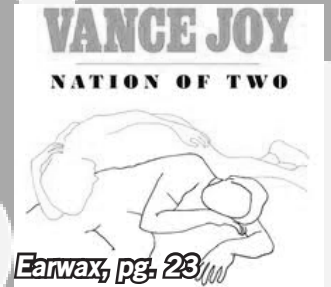
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the paper

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the paper is Fordham's journal of news, analysis, comment and review. Students from all years and disciplines get together biweekly to produce a printed version of *the paper* using Adobe InDesign and publish an online version using Wordpress. Photos are "borrowed" from Internet sites and edited in Photoshop. Open meetings are held Tuesdays at 9:00 PM in McGinley 2nd. Articles can be submitted via e-mail to paper.fordham@gmail.com. Submissions from students are always considered and usually published. Our staff is more than willing to help new writers develop their own unique voices and figure out how to most effectively convey their thoughts and ideas. We do not assign topics to our writers either. The process is as follows: have an idea for an article, send us an e-mail or come to our meetings to pitch your idea, write the article, work on edits with us, and then get published! We are happy to work with anyone who is interested, so if you have any questions, comments or concerns please shoot us an e-mail or come to our next meeting.

So, why come write for us? We are a constantly evolving publication, and have been since 1972. We provide an outlet of expression otherwise unavailable to Fordham students. Writers are free to say whatever they want, whenever they want. We are also pretty cool people, to be completely honest. So please come hang out with us. You'll have a good time, we promise.

our aim

the paper is Fordham University's fully student-run, free speech publication. Our aim is to challenge our writers and our readers: we want to make you think. We provide an outlet for all students to express themselves, whatever their passion may be. Whether it's commenting on a social issue, writing a factual news article, making people laugh with a humor piece, composing a personal narrative, giving advice or ranting about something that makes you feel a certain strong way – we have a place for you. Because of our platform as a free speech newspaper, we tend to push the boundaries of university journalism by talking about important social issues, expressing otherwise silenced voices and opinions, addressing Fordham policy and administration, and starting serious conversations about what is important to our student body. Here at *the paper*, we encourage creativity and uniqueness, spark dialogue and discussion, and foster a community where students are free to fully express themselves.

"What midterm majorly screwed you over?"

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Fordham Issues Statement on Student Protests

by Michael Jack O'Brien
Executive Editor

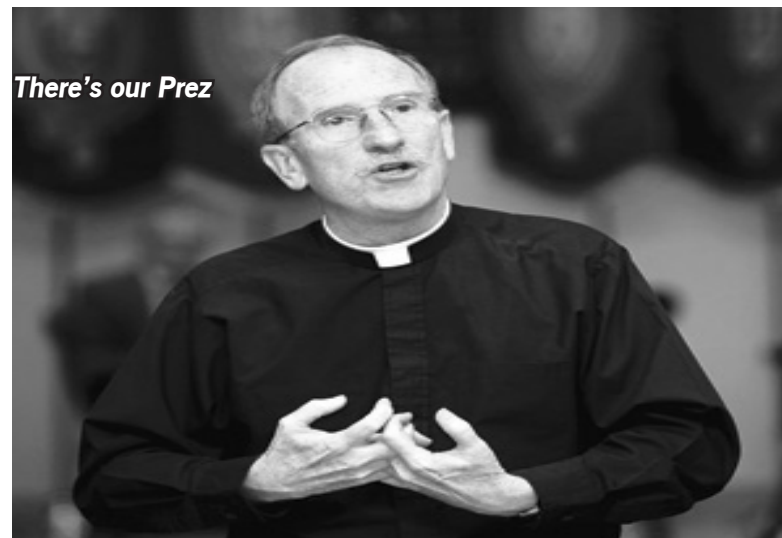
What do you define as free speech? In our age of hyper-politicization, the definition of free speech has become gray with well-founded opinions and hate-speech intersecting on social media. Fordham University and free speech have had, well to put it lightly, a complicated relationship. While Fordham claims to be champions of peaceful and respectful student demonstrations it has also shown on multiple occasions to be rather controlling of student speech and protest. The latest chapter in this story occurred last week when the Office of the President released a statement regarding demonstrations against gun violence. The letter reads the following

“The University strongly advocates that our students turn their concern into action by leading letter-writing campaigns to Washington and to the legislatures in their home states. This is an essential step if we wish to effect change. Fordham University affirms that it is not only a civic responsibility to curtail gun violence, but a mandate dictated by Catholic, Jesuit teachings on the the sanctity of life. In accord with that position and the University’s demonstration policy, currently enrolled Fordham students will face no student conduct sanctions for peaceful and respectful demonstrations against gun violence on or off campus.”

The letter was sent in the wake of the Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School shooting, where 17 students and faculty lost their lives. But more important than that, is the massive mobilization of young Americans unified in calls for gun safety laws. This movement has created waves in the American political sphere, and while traditionally calls

Fordham takes stand on protests after school shooting

for gun control were led by adults, this time it appears that students are leading the charge, headed by student activists such as Emma Gonzales and



David Hogg, two students of Stoneman Douglas that had watched as their friends and classmates were gunned down, and are dedicated to the cause of #NeverAgain.

A statement by Fordham reassuring its faculty and student body that protest regarding gun control will not lead to reprimand is heartening, but also raises questions regarding the universities past behavior on student led demonstration. For example, it’s been less than a year since members of the student activist group Fordham Students United were barred from entering the campus during Spring Weekend due to a demonstration at Cuniffe House in which students attempted to enter the building without “prior authorization” by the University. This occurred only months after another incident where Lincoln Center student Sapphira Lurie was charged with violating the universities

demonstration policies when she organized a rally in support of the banned student organization Students for Justice in Palestine. While some

might believe that these were isolated incidents, the incidents show a trend in how the university deals with student demonstrations that in one form or another violates school policy.

The new statement by the administration uses the term “peaceful and respectful protest” to describe demonstrations that are in line with school policy. However, this is not the only parameter that needs to be met. The student handbook’s demonstration policy shows a litany of requirements for what Fordham calls “peaceful and respectful protest” including that demonstrations must not physically hinder entrances or exits to buildings, create any disruptive volume of noise, or congregate in any building in which doing so would disrupt that building’s purpose. Moreover, all demonstrations must be approved by the Dean of Students and include a public safety

escort. Demonstrations in progress by students must be ceased immediately if the administration believes that the movement had violated school policy, and continuing to protest is grounds for school reprimand.

One does not need to be a comedian to understand the irony of this situation. Protests in their nature are designed to be disruptive, to demand attention. With this in mind, it can be argued that the policies set out by the school regarding on-campus demonstrations are deliberately restrictive. While you can protest, said protest must be as quiet and unobtrusive as possible, which as previously stated, is the exact opposite of what protests aim to do. We must ask then if these policies are violations of free speech. What responsibility does Fordham have to its students? In truth, the answer is not much, Fordham can only be held accountable for the safety and conduct of their students; and moreover, have no obligation to allow free speech on their private property, as they are not a governmental body.

In conclusion, while the statement by the administration is a good sign regarding student protests, we cannot forget that underneath these statements are policies that are inherently designed to be restrictive and obtrusive, stifling the ability for students to effectively demonstrate. As shown by the massive uproar and backlash against the student activists fighting for gun control, with some far right pundits even going so far as to call them “actors”, there will always be disdain for student demonstration, it is yet to be seen if the same will be true for Fordham in the near future.

The Trump-Russia Investigation: An Update on Our Nation's Leader

by Christian Decker
News Editor

It has been over a year since the FBI first informed us that our election was hacked by agents of the Russian government. It was revealed that potentially a member of the Trump team, maybe even the president himself had colluded with Russia agents to give himself a boost over Hillary Clinton in the 2016 Presidential

election. Results have been relatively inconclusive over the past year. At the start of this investigation, Special Counsel Robert "Sherlock Holmes" Muller was assigned to oversee the investigation into whether or not the Trump campaign did in fact commit treason. Many months, and many indictments including that of Paul "Fredo" Manafort, Trump's former campaign manager, and also Russians in the U.S. who are being accused of influencing the election at various campaign rallies. These 13 Russians are accused of running misinformation campaigns against the president's then opponent Hillary "Hello Fellow Kids" Clinton.

In a new string of charges, Muller has accused Manafort, and another manager, Rick Gates, of laundering over 30 million dollars and not paying their taxes for over 10 years, according to CNN. Manafort's spokesman, Jason Maloni, said in a statement that Manafort "is innocent of the allegations set out in the newly filed indictments and he is

News from the scandal John Oliver calls, "Stupid Watergate"

confident that he will be acquitted of all charges. The new allegations against Mr. Manafort, once again, have nothing to do with Russia and 2016 election interference/collusion. Mr. Manafort is confident that he will be acquitted, and violations of his constitutional rights will be remedied."

As of now, the White House has not issued any statements regarding

could be big news for the Russia investigations. It's possible that Gates could give up Manafort and even some higher ups in the White House in exchange for a lighter sentence. NBC claims that "the agreement, which requires Gates to cooperate on 'all matters' prosecutors deem relevant, appears to be a good deal for both sides. Gates

He did this by assembling a "Super VIP" group, which was full of European politicians who could lobby without being directly related to the Ukrainian government.

Through all of this, Manafort continues to deny that he is guilty, which is honestly laughable at this point. In his defense, Manafort said: "I had hoped and expected my business colleague would have had the strength to continue the battle to prove our innocence," he added, referring to Gates. "For reasons yet to surface he chose to do otherwise. This does not alter my commitment to defend myself against the untrue piled up charges contained in the indictments against me."

The investigation is continuing at full capacity it would seem. Mueller has also gotten Alex van der Zwaan to plead guilty to the charges that he lied to the Mueller team about contact with Rick Gates. It's worth noting that he's the son of a Russian oligarch. He has also been able to interview higher ups in the White House, including former White House chief strategist Steve "Ugly Nazi" Bannon, Attorney General Jeff "Racist Asshole" Sessions, and former FBI Director James "Whistleblower" Comey.

With our democracy pretty much at stake here. It is essential that Mueller be left to his own devices to be able to conduct a fair and unbiased investigation. Whether or not this produces more indictments or even charges of treason, it is important that we remember that democracy must prevail. If nothing more comes out of this investigation, America will have to accept that regardless of political leanings and party affiliation.



any of the indictments. Ironically, the reasons for this is because according to the White House, none of this has to do with the Trump Campaign or the White House. As you all may know, this is indeed linked to Trump's election because they were both members of his campaign. This is not even including George Papadopoulos, who pleaded guilty to his charges just a few months ago. The President even said he didn't know the guy. Yikes.

According to NBC, Rick Gates has since pleaded guilty to lying to investigators and conspiracy. This

could get as little as probation if he keeps up his end of the bargain, and Mueller's case against Manafort morphs from one built on paper evidence to one in which the star witness worked hand-in-hand with the defendant."

In relation to Manafort's other charges, he has now also been accused of working with the Ukrainian government by helping to lobby for them in the United States, which is illegal unless you get permission from the U.S. Justice department.

Tinder Campaigns to be more Inclusive

by **Claire Nunez**
Editor in Chief

Ah Tinder, the bane of my existence. Like most of my peers, I have the app downloaded on my little iPhone 6s. Do I use it often? No, not really. I often swipe for fun and I rarely answer messages—sorry to all of you handsome lads out there I have been just blatantly ignoring. As I was swiping the other day, my eye was caught by an ad. Apparently, Tinder is working with Change.Org and Alex Ohanian, the executive chairman and co-founder of Reddit as well as the husband of Serena Williams, to petition Unicode for interracial couples to be represented in emojis.

At first when I saw this ad, I had to think for a second. Wait, Tinder is politically active? Granted this is a pretty small, not very political venture, but it still is challenging social norms... in the emoji world at least. I never really expected the app infamous for

Tinder wants to create interracial couple emojis

hookups, bad conversations, and a lot of creeps to try and make a change in the way we view couples that were not made with the traditional cookie cutter. I was very pleasantly surprised.

So first of all, why? Why the heck would Tinder challenge social norms? Well, the most obvious reason is that it is a good marketing technique. There have been many articles praising the dating app for taking a step up. Another reason is that the rise of dating apps has apparently led to a growth in the percentage of interracial couples in America— or that is at least what Tinder is claiming on their Change.Org petition. As a student of research, I question this statistic. I am going to claim that this stat is probably just a result of coincidence not correlation. Traditional values have been shifting annual and this would probably just be a result of this change, but I digress. Tinder also claims to be a strong

proponent of diversity and inclusion. The app has illustrated this by offering users the opportunity to choose their gender identity, which is not limited to just male and female but also includes non-binary and transgender. This emoji push seems to be another offshoot project of what the brand stands for.

There seems to be an emoji for everything, which is another reason why this campaign is happening. In 2015, Unicode graced us with the ability to use emojis that represent people of other races, sexualities, and even family types in our messages. This is why Tinder is claiming that we need to have interracial couple emojis. Tinder wants to #RepresentLove more effectively.

I think it is a bit beautiful that a dating app is trying to make changes—even if it is just in the emoticon realm. The petition so far has more than

14,000 signatures and it has only been a few days. Most of the comments are positive and ecstatic; people really want to be represented. It is incredible how simple representation in an emoticon can make a sincere difference in someone's life, even if it is in the digital realm.

Tinder may make a real change here. Unicode in the past has been relatively responsive to changes in emoji needs—they changed the lobster emoji because it was not anatomically correct; would anyone actually have noticed? Probably, but that is beside the point. Apparently, there are some difficulties in creating an interracial couple emoji, but I am sure if the demand for one increases enough, Unicode will figure it out. Let's hope it is soon, and let's hope the next roll out of emojis also gives us more whale emojis too.

Rev. Al Sharpton visits Fordham, speaks at Keating

by **David Kennedy**
Copy Editor

This past week, “in the spirit of fairness,” the Fordham Libertarians, in cooperation with the College Republicans, invited the Reverend Al Sharpton to speak on campus. For those who don't know, Sharpton, along with being a Baptist minister and New York native, is a civil rights leader who got his start during the Civil Rights movement. His resume is a mile long, but most recently he was an informal political advisor the Barack Obama, he has been involved with the “Black Lives Matter” movement, and he has hosted talk shows on radio and MSNBC. The Facebook invitation for “An Evening with Al Sharpton” implies the libertarians conceived this event as an attempt to demonstrate open-mindedness, and an interest in differing viewpoints after former Trump campaign manager Roger Stone's controversial visit in October.

Sharpton was originally scheduled to come in December, but a cancelled flight forced him to reschedule

The Civil Rights Leader was invited by... the College Libertarians?

his visit till late February. The turnout was pretty good considering the event landed in the middle of midterms. The audience was mostly comprised of male Fordham students wearing their “I'm-interested-in-politics” suits. Al Sharpton was introduced twice, first by a female Fordham student, then

by the head of the Fordham Libertarians, who wanted to know if Roger Stone was lying when he said he'd had lunch with Sharpton during his visit in October. Sharpton briefly addressed this question, making it clear that he had not and

would not have had lunch with Stone in October. Sharpton then expressed his feelings towards Trump, making it clear that he's been opposed to the current president for a long time, not just as a political figure, but as a public figure and a businessman as well. “Trump

has no core beliefs,” said Sharpton, after recounting his refusal to meet with the president when he tried to reach out to black leaders in 2015.

For the bulk of the evening, Sharpton discussed the imperative to ban the sale of assault weapons in America. The recent mass shooting



at Douglas High School in Parkland, Florida has prompted nationwide protests in colleges and high schools. Students from around the country, especially in Florida and DC, are staging protests and walk-outs, rallying behind the slogan “Never

Again.” Sharpton expressed solidarity with these student protestors, commending them for their aim to directly affect state legislation. If a movement of this kind doesn't manage to pass any real legislation, Sharpton said, it is nearly impossible for them to have

any staying power in American culture. He went on to discuss how legislation was crucial for the success of Martin Luther King's organization, the SCLC, which was where Sharpton got his start in 1968, during the Civil Rights movement. The reverend also expressed the view that the only way to prevent these kinds of shootings is to ban the sale of military-style assault weapons altogether. Banning accessories such as bump stocks will not be enough, and arming teachers will not serve to prevent future attacks, according to Sharpton.

Towards the end of the event, the floor was opened for questions from attendees. The reverend expressed his views on Rand Paul, saying he likes him more than Roger Stone, and would have had lunch with him in October. Towards the end of the talk, Sharpton also said he was for the legalization of marijuana and was taken aback when this got the most applause out anything he said that night at a Catholic university.

FAKER THAN TRUTH

By Christian Decker

Fordham Student becomes first to get Agricultural degree

Fordham student and “The paper” editor, Jack Archambault, is starting his own mega-farm. After graduating Fordham with a PhD, Archambault is now going to revolutionize the farming and livestock industry. In his operations, he is going to bring in more exotic and colorful animals and plants to inspire both the taste buds and curiosities of both the United States and the world.

To start, dragonfruits are going to be planted all across his farming land. Taken care of primarily by robots all named Jim, these fruits will be one of the prime exports of Archambault's new farm industry. “The key” Archambault says, “is to sell things and grow things that no one else is selling. It doesn't matter how good it is, people are weird so they'll pretty much buy anything just to tell their friends that they ate it.”

Archambault's new farm will also introduce a new animal into the world of farming: the Burmese python. His first python to be delivered, is the 30 ft long beast whom he has affectionately called Bessie. His plan is to raise a large colony of these large predators, in order to sell snake meat and the skin for public consumption. “These pythons are gonna make me so much money, I mean I know they're probably endangered and stuff like that, but our own government is unethical, so why should I be?” says Archambault.

Archambault is also in the process of extracting cannabis plants for human consumption, as well as ordering lions to be domesticated and made into more exotic dishes for the weird of Americans to enjoy on their Sunday brunches and at their oddity times dinner parties.

Controversial Preacher, Billy Graham, has Died

by Robin Happel
Copy Editor

God is love, and God does not belong to Graham

Billy Graham passed away peacefully last Wednesday. In his almost century of life, his charisma had taken him across countless continents and cultures. His role as spiritual advisor to Ronald Reagan was so subtly seismic that we will likely feel the ripples of his preaching in American politics for decades to come.

Everyone deserves to pass on peacefully as Graham did, at an old age, celebrated by those they love. But this is a belief he did not share.

Both Graham and Pat Robertson praised Rios Montt, the Guatemalan dictator who ordered the genocide of the Maya. Graham later fanned the flames of hysteria as countless gay men were thrown out of their homes, turned away from hospitals, and left to waste away on the streets. The god Billy Graham believed in was a god of love, but also one of wrath, who used AIDS to smite his enemies, and supported war crimes in Vietnam. At his best, Billy Graham saw the beauty in all of us. At his worst, his words still thrum through so much of the South, the sermons that see other faiths as fearsome, that see different as dangerous. The god of Billy Graham is one of both beauty and brutality, both fear and freedom. I know it well, for it is the god of the town I lived in as a little girl.

Before my parents moved back to Tennessee, we lived in Montreat, the resort town built on Graham's wealth. I drive home along a highway that bears his name. His voice still crackles through the stereos of countless gas stations and cafés. In parts of the South, he is almost an institution.

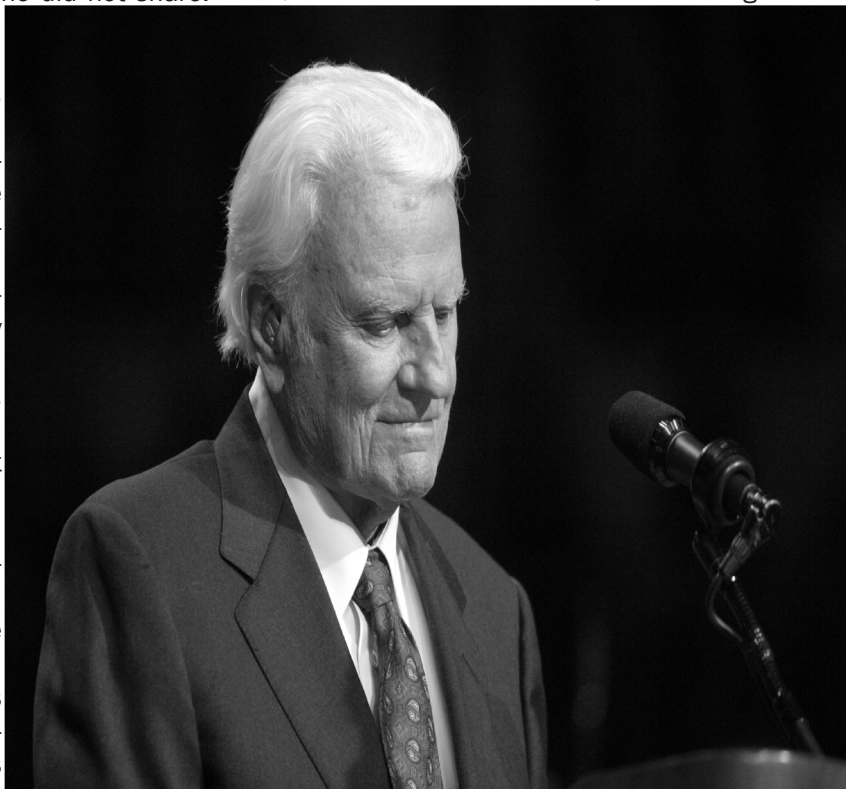
Even those who've never met him or sat through his sermons pay a sort of homage to him. Especially towards the end of his life, he seemed a sort of silent, grandfatherly figure, withdrawn to the hills of western North Carolina, having already passed on the torch to his more fundamentalist son, Franklin. And, if you weren't one of the people he saw as sinister or sinful, I suppose it would be easy to never stop seeing him that way.

Billy Graham was one of the last of the old guard of the first National Prayer Breakfasts, the men of god who

through electroshock or even castration. He supported Dr. King, but only before King began praying for peace in Vietnam. He preached love at times, but also fear, a fear so fundamental that it has echoed in pastors' polemics for generations. He helped popularize such pageantry as tent revivals and Judgment Houses, morality plays that still spring up in churches throughout the South, a godly alternative to haunted houses for those who see Halloween as sinful. While their plots differ, the message is essentially the same – if you're not exactly the right strain of Southern Baptist (and straight, it goes without saying) you will suffer, either now or in the hereafter. And so, supposedly, it should be. Whatever charm or warmth emanated from him was wrapped around this polemical pearl. Even within his pleas for tolerance, such prejudice was still the pole star of his preaching.

Within many of his sermons was the near Neo-platonic sense that we are drifting ever away from some true America, an Elysian world of drive-in diners and churches on every corner that never really existed. And he was polemical, yes – but

also profoundly hopeful. At his greatest, Billy Graham appealed to the best in all of us. His legacy is one of profound pain for many, yet he also inspired millions more. The god of Billy Graham is one of anger, but also one of beauty, of the swans at the center of Montreat circling slowly on a summer lake. He will undoubtedly be remembered as a profound influence on American life. Perhaps he has found peace. Perhaps it is not our place to say. And I pray for the ghosts of Guatemala, the spirits of the sick and suffering he swept aside, the many children of God he never learned to love – may they have peace as well, and may we honor their memory.



The PyeongChang Olympics Recap

by **Katelyn Cody**
Staff Olympian

The triumphs and sorrows of the games

The 2018 Winter Olympics kicked off in PyeongChang, South Korea with the opening ceremony on Friday, February 9. The competition actually kicked off a couple days early on the 7 for sports like Alpine Skiing and luge. Additionally, because of the time difference between here and South Korea, NBC started broadcasting the figure skating team event on Thursday, probably so they could make more money in ads, but hey figure skating is one of the most popular Winter Olympic sports.

Normally, you would think that the stars of the opening ceremony would be the athletes who worked so hard to make it to the games in the first place, but you thought wrong. It was actually, the performers who had to dance in a circle for the entire ceremony, including dancing to the viral song “Gangnam Style” by Psy while the United States walked in because nothing in this world is sacred. Other highlights of the ceremony included the flag bearer from Tonga who marched shirtless, for the fourth olympics in a row! On a more serious note, athletes from Russia marched in under a neutral Olympic flag, as their country was technically banned from competing after their doping scandal at the Sochi games in 2014 and North and South Korea marched in (and competed) together under a unified flag, giving the world a sense of peace and hope.

That first night of competition for the figure skating team event included one of the biggest shockers for American fans as they watched the United States’ “shining star” Nathan Chen fall during the Men’s short

program, jeopardizing the U.S.’s standings in the event. However, after outstanding performances from Alexa and Chris Knierim, Maia and Alex Shibutani, Bradie Tennell, Adam Rippon, and Mirai Nagasu the U.S. was able to slide into third, behind Canada in second and the Olympic Athletes from Russia in first. It was during that team event that Mirai Nagasu made history as the first American woman and third woman overall to successfully land a triple axel on Olympic ice.

Red Gerard, the 17-year-old snowboarder from Colorado, won America’s first gold medal of the games in the Men’s Slopestyle competition. He also celebrated by saying the f-word live on tv and there was nothing NBC could do about it. In your face, censorship. The teenagers really showed off at this years’ games. Chloe Kim, who is also 17 years old and on team U.S.A., won gold in the Women’s Halfpipe and promptly became a Twitter sensation for tweeting about being hangry. Fifteen-year-old Alina Zagitova, competing as an Olympic Athlete from Russia, became the second youngest woman to win gold at the Olympics. That’s right, we’re all here wasting away at college, while kids younger than us are winning gold medals.

A rise in diversity was also seen at this year’s Games in the LGBTQ+ community. Athletes like Adam Rippon, Gus Kenworthy, (both American), and Eric Radford of Canada were loud and proud about their status as some of the first openly gay Winter Olympians.

Rippon and Kenworthy have also been very vocal about their criticism of Vice President Mike Pence’s role as an ambassador to PyeongChang.

On the ski slopes there were many falls and missed opportunities. Olympic skiing superstar, Lindsey Vonn, came in as a medal favorite for the U.S. despite having several setbacks over the past couple of years with various injuries and surgeries. However, she only placed 3rd in the Ladies’ Downhill event and due to a missed gate, she did not medal at all in the Ladies’ Alpine Combined. Thanks to Mikaela Shiffrin’s 2nd place finish, the U.S. was still able to bring home a medal in that event. Although, Vonn played the role of a good sport and walked away from her self-proclaimed final Olympics with a smile on her face, dedicating her runs to her grandfather who recently passed away. I would be remiss if I did not mention the nerve wracking Women’s Ice Hockey game between the United States and Canada, which ended in a U.S. gold victory and one of the Canadian players removing her silver medal immediately after it was placed around her neck.

The 19 days of competition in South Korea were jam packed and there certainly would not be enough room in this entire publication to cover all of the exciting ups and downs. It is always heartwarming to watch the world come together every couple of years to bond over the entertainment that is superhuman athleticism, or curling, that too. It was especially extraordinary this year because of the hope North and South Korea’s unity provided for the world.

Realer
Than
Fact

By **Andrew Millman**

Tabloid has latest Hawk Gossip

The New York Post recently took a break from publishing the latest celebrity gossip to focus on the important issues, namely the romantic lives of three hawks in Tompkins Square Park. Or, as they tell it: “Hawks’ messy love triange is the talk of this NYC Park: Jilted hawk discovers her nest is home to a third bird.” Red-tailed hawks Christo and Dora have been seen cohabitating for the past five years and have ten children together, but now it appears that “a cheep slut” (as the Post calls the third bird, Nora) has come between the two previously-monogamous birds. Birdwatchers describe the third bird as “a rust-colored nest-wrecker.” With a “heavy heart,” elderly birdwatcher Helen has observed the avian affair between Christo and his mistress. Dora confronted the two other birds in the center of the park and there was a chaotic screaming match, before Christo and Nora flew off together. For the moment, it appears that Christo is maintaining both relationships. Another bird-watcher said of Christo: “he’s a really stand-up hawk and father,” so “if anyone can make it happen, it’s him.” Apparently, there are quite a large contingent of New Yorkers that enjoy keeping up with the soap-operatic lives of the birds in local parks. At least, there were enough for it to come to the attention of the preeminent city tabloid. Honestly, I think the Post should just focus on nature journalism, but keeping the same style they use for celebrity gossip. Maybe they’ll make a movie about it called “The Post,” directed by Steven Spielberg and starring Tom Hanks and Meryl Streep.

Never Again: Activism in the Wake of the Parkland Shooting

by Andrew Millman

Co-News Editor

In the wake of the horrific mass shooting at Marjorie Stoneman Douglas High School in Parkland, Florida, in which seventeen people were killed, there has been a sustained and significant activist movement for gun control and a substantial shift in public opinion on the issue. This has given many hope that this horrible incident could potentially lead to change, even after the continued inaction that has followed previous mass shootings, such in Sandy Hook, Orlando, and Las Vegas, among countless others. The difference appears to be the activism of the survivors, who have been outspoken about the need for gun control and school safety after the mass murder of their classmates. Since the shooting occurred on February 14th, many surviving students have appeared at rallies and on television advocating for gun control. The students are outspoken and organized. Roughly twenty students founded the organization Never Again MSD. They have been using all resources available to them, most notably social media, to keep gun control atop the political agenda and it is working.

The group, along with Everytown for Gun Safety, is planning a march in Washington, D.C. called the "March for Our Lives" on March 24th, the one-month anniversary of the shooting, to demand change. Marches will be taking place concurrently in most major cities, including New York City. On March 14th, some Women's March organizers have planned a National School Walkout, which will occur at 10 a.m. and last for seventeen minutes in

Surviving students are taking the fight for gun control to the White House and NRA

honor of the seventeen students and staff members killed in the Parkland mass shooting. There are some high schools that plan to punish students who protest, but many colleges, including Fordham, have said that discipline for protests will not negatively affect college applications. There is also another school walkout planned on April 20th, which is the nineteenth anniversary of the Columbine High School massacre. Most of this has been organized organically by young people pushing for change when they see that adults have neglected that responsibility.

In the meantime, these students are making themselves impossible to ignore. In the days after the shooting, survivors took to social media and used traditional media interviews to call for gun reform. At a rally the weekend after the shooting, MSD senior Emma Gonzalez gained national recognition for an impassioned speech at a gun reform rally held just days after she survived one of the deadliest school shootings in this country's history. Gonzalez is among the twenty students who founded Never Again MSD. They have been organizing in each other's homes since the shooting and, because of their tireless efforts, there is a glimmer of hope that something will change this time after the adults have failed to act in the wake of the countless previous mass shootings.

The Never Again students are remarkably well-organized and effective, especially when considering the fact that many of these students still experience post-traumatic stress and other after-

effects of the shooting. They are somehow able to overcome this to spearhead a burgeoning political movement. A week after the shooting, students went to Tallahassee, the state capitol of Florida, to advocate for a gun control bill, which was defeated, but they promised those lawmakers that they will hear from them in November when they are up for reelection. Then, CNN hosted a televised town hall for survivors and families to talk to lawmakers and NRA lobbyists about the need for gun control. At the town hall, one student survivor, Cameron Kasky, directly confronted Republican Senator Marco Rubio over his positions on the issue and his campaign contributions from the NRA. Following the town hall meeting, Rubio has announced that he will support some reform measures, such as raising the age limit to twenty-one for all semi-automatic weapons and improved background checks.

Another prong of the students' activism has been a direct confrontation with the National Rifle Association and its allies. They have gone after politicians and companies that are associated with the gun lobby. Never Again has campaigned for the NRA's corporate sponsors to abandon their partnerships with the lobbying group and special deals for NRA members. They have been successful in getting most corporate sponsors to drop the NRA, most through public shaming. They have been successful mostly because, unlike in politics, in business and marketing, a greater emphasis is placed on younger demographics, which are more diverse and progressive. For politicians, the emphasis is on older people, who tend to be more homogeneously white and conservative. Unlike their parents and grandparents' generations, this current generation has

a different perspective when it comes to these horrific mass shootings. By and large, most of the adults have been satisfied with simply offering "thoughts and prayers," but this time things are different because the victims are high-school-aged students who are not content with seeing their classmates slaughtered and having nothing change.

There is still a strong possibility that nothing will change and that we'll be back in this same position in a couple months, but there is no at least some hope that change will happen and, if not now, then when these young people are in positions of power. Like with many issues, this younger generation is fed up with the direction that their parents and grandparents are taking this country and want to change it. This feeling has given birth to a political movement that, at the very least in this moment, has sent a shock through the political system.

Fordham United Student Government has organized a "Walkout Against Gun Violence" on March 14th in solidarity with the nationwide walkout plans. The walkout will take place at 10 a.m. and, beginning at 10:10 a.m., students demonstrating will observe the seventeen minutes of silence for the seventeen victims of the Parkland shooting, which is similar to other school walkouts planned nationwide. It'll end around 10:27 a.m., so all you nerds will still be able to make your 10:30 class and do something worthwhile with your day too.





Baseball Hats and Why I Hate Them

By Mary Freeze
Staff Stylist

The other day, I walked into my 8:30 class on a cloudy February morning just to be greeted by a sea of Fordham students wearing baseball hats. I realized that very few things make angrier than people wearing baseball hats for no reason. Other things that top the list are juuling, people saying hi to me when I am clearly trying to ignore them, and when people put on "All I Want for Christmas Is You" at bars when it is obviously not Christmas time.

Baseball hats are just one thing that I will never understand. Students at Fordham wear baseball hats of all kinds, representing not only Fordham but also other random colleges that no one has ever heard of, professional sports teams (or high school sports teams), and places that they have visited. Wearing a baseball hat as a fashion statement is not limited to one gender, as both men and women on campus proudly wear their hats to, from, and in class regardless of whether or not it is sunny, which is the only time that a baseball hat is really needed.

Now, I am not saying that I have never worn a baseball hat in my life, because I have. My skin is essentially translucent, and you will never catch me at a beach without a hat on to protect my extremely fair skin. However, I believe that it is only acceptable to wear baseball hats when in the sun, because if you are not wearing it in the sun, then why are you wearing a baseball hat at all? Another acceptable time to wear a baseball hat is in

Dear Fordham, Why?

the gym and/or running outside. I understand not wanting someone to see you while doing those activities, but I have also seen people wearing backwards baseball hats in the gym. I just have one question for those people: Why are you the way you are? What purpose is that hat serving? I have wondered why people wear baseball hats incessantly since I have started college. Why do people not take their hats off in class? Do you not find it distracting to have something covering your face for an hour and fifteen minutes, or possibly longer? Are you trying to hide your face for a specific reason? Is your hat a key part of your outfit? I have never looked at someone and thought to myself "Wow, that outfit would really be made better with a baseball hat." Is your hair just greasy? If your hair truly is greasy, why



don't you just use some dry shampoo? Or if you have short hair, why don't you just wash it?

To uncover the answer to these questions, I have asked some people I see around campus who are faithful baseball hat wearers their opinions. One person, a male, said "Whenever I have an 8:30 my hair is messed up. I only wear baseball hats when going to 8:30s because I don't want people to see my hair." A female had a similar response: "I usually wear baseball hats because my hair is greasy, or if I just don't feel like doing it. Also, sometimes it just makes my outfit look cuter." A third student said that he never thought about why he wore baseball hats, he just put it on in the morning without even thinking about it.

Since when did rounded baseball hats become cool again? I specifically remember a time in elementary school circa 2007-2008 when the only cool hat to wear was a flat baseball hat, and if you wore any different kind of hat, you were a loser. Bonus points were added to your clout level if your hat was slightly turned to the side. This could possibly have been aided by Justin Bieber and his fashion choices, as he was a snapback hat fanatic, but just as the world has moved on from Justin Bieber, it is time for us to move on from baseball hats.

Now, I know that this article will definitely convince many

people to change their ways and stop wearing baseball hats, and they may feel sad that they now have to wear one less article of clothing. Fear not, because I have composed a list of some superior alternatives to wearing baseball hats.

1) Kentucky derby type hats (geared toward females)

I think that the world would be a much more fun place if we adapted wearing unnecessarily huge, fancy hats into our everyday attire. Can you imagine what campus would look like if every person who wore a baseball hat instead wore a hat similar to the ones that those rich old women wore at the Kentucky Derby? Fordham would definitely be a more colorful place.

2) Top Hats

Everyone would look like the monopoly man. It would be so much fun.

3) Basically everything but cowboy hats and baseball hats.

I understand to each his own, and I am in no position to dictate to other people how they should dress, but I hope that wearing baseball hats is just a passing trend, and at some point, we will all marvel at some new form of head attire. Until then, I will continue to be angry about the unnecessary wearing of baseball hats. However, if wearing a baseball hat truly brings a person joy, then wear on. More power to you.

Regular Therapy is (SPOILER) a Really Good Thing

By Olivia Langenberg
Features & Lists Editor

If you're reading this and you're struggling, please seek help

Every Wednesday at 3:45pm I wave goodbye to my roommate, leave my apartment, carefully choose a playlist, and blast it as I make my way through Belmont. About 15 minutes later, I casually slide onto a couch in the waiting room of my therapist's office. You see, I'm not afraid to talk about this. I'm not afraid to let my friends know that I'm busy because I have a therapy appointment. Whether it's over-said or not, there's still a stigma around mental illness, and I refuse to let anyone silence me when I talk about my experiences.

Specifically, I want to focus on therapy and its effects on my life. I've struggled with mental illness for most of my adolescent years, and I can confidently tell you that I'm way better off when I'm in therapy versus when I'm not. I've seen plenty of mental health professionals, gone through the same diagnostic appointments, and sunk into the same couches week after week for a long time. Sometimes I don't want to go. Sometimes I feel like I have nothing to say. But then I think back to the times that I wasn't in regular therapy, and I can reassure myself that I'm doing the right thing to take care of myself.

I can remember what it was like the first time I nervously sat in a chair in front of a therapist. I couldn't stop fidgeting, and my mind was racing with the reality of where I was, and what this all meant. I believed a lot of stereotypes about going to therapy when I was younger. I really thought you had to be at complete

rock bottom before you ever walked into a therapist's office. I thought you had to be a physical representation of every possible symptom of a mental illness before you received weekly treatment. The reality of it, though, is that there's nothing wrong with looking for help. Whether you



are at that rock bottom, or you're just looking for someone to talk to, therapy can be the option for you. I've been in both places. For me, therapy is my weekly check-in, my weekly pick-me-up, and sometimes my weekly savior. Truly, the experience is different for everyone, and mental illness is different for everyone. That being said, you don't have to have a mental illness at all to go to therapy.

I have a photo up on my wall in my room that reads "Go to therapy." It sits beside other reminders I keep for myself like "Write more poetry," "Don't be afraid of making ugly art," and "Don't waste time on people who don't care." I've received mixed reactions when I tell people that I'm in weekly therapy. Isn't that a lot?

Well, maybe for some people. For me, therapy is a process. It's about learning how to cope with what the world throws at me, it's about working through ongoing problems, and it's about growing to completely open up to someone and truly make changes in my life. I don't feel capable of

accomplishing those things once a month. So, every week when the day starts to crawl toward 3:45pm, I look up to my reminder on the wall and I think to myself that my mental health is not something to check off. It is something that

I have to constantly work on, even when I have to push myself to do just that.

It's important to be transparent about your mental health. No one can help you if you lie to them. I think of therapy as the place for me to be the most vulnerable and open, while I can simultaneously open up to the people that love me.

I mentioned before that I believe I am much better off when I am in regular therapy than when I am not. I speak from my own experience. Therapy is not the right option for everyone. Not everyone thrives from therapy. I do. I am a person who craves validation, who needs comfort, and needs someone to literally tell me that I'm not as awful as I think I am. I find that the best way for me to find a healthy mix of all that is with my therapist. Don't get me wrong, I have wonderful friends and supportive family members. I keep a good balance of what I share with them. It's important to be transparent about your mental health. No one can help you if you lie to them. I think of therapy as the place for me to be the most vulnerable and open, while I can simultaneously open up to the people that love me.

If you're reading this and you're struggling, please seek help. I know how scary it can be, and I know how lonely the process feels. People out there do want to help you. It may seem like a huge task to take on, but believe me, you have options.

If you have any questions regarding therapy when you're away from home, the process of finding someone, or anything else feel free to email me-olangelberg@fordham.edu. You are not alone.

HEY GABELLI STUDENTS, YOU WANT STOCKS??

INTRODUCING: PAPER STOCKS!!

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It's Time to Start Treating Ex-Convicts as Human Beings, Too

By Collin Bonnell
Staff Open-minded Dude

The scar cascaded down the man's face, cutting through his left eye. The man had no control over his marble grey eye. He carried himself poorly, slouched over as if he had a humpback. The man was said to be an ex-con and he looked the part.

Many rumors surrounded his crime. Some said it had been committed in cold blood, others thought it was staged. The man himself claimed to have acted in self-defense. But one matter seemed to be settled: he had stabbed a man. He had been convicted, spent a year in jail, and then was released after the case was revisited and he was found to have acted in self-defense.

Regardless of the court ruling, the man had lost his property, been officially blacklisted, and left by the Massachusetts Court System to recover from the trauma of being unjustly incarcerated on his own. To both the state and society, the man's actual guilt was irrelevant. Being accused of a crime sufficed to condemn him to a life of persecution.

The man's right to due process was little more than a joke.

At first, I kept my distance from him, I had never met a criminal, but I was forced to work with him, and over time I grew to know him despite my efforts to avoid him. The man gradually opened up, telling me about his life before jail, his time in high school and his childhood. He told me about marrying his high school girlfriend, his adventures

What this writer learned during his summer working alongside one

with the Navy, his experiences in the Gulf War, his time as a mechanic, the cars he rehabbed, his house, his wealth. He told me about his kids and the ideal life he once led.

He told me about the break-in, about the knife, the defensive impulse he acted upon. He told me about the blood and the arrest, his time in jail, his case being revisited.



He told me about being ruled to have acted in self-defense after having spent a year behind bars.

He told me about his release from prison. His divorce. The loss of his house and garage, his probation officer's failed attempts to find him a job, his time as an alcoholic, the illegal car he built himself when he ran out of

money, his numerous failed attempts to become a mechanic again, his accidental hiring as a butcher. He told me about the hatred he faced at work once his record was discovered. He told me about his two nephews and how he worked hard to make sure they had a good childhood, how those two young boys were all he had left.

Hearing these stories first-

our customers behind their backs when they disrespected us or implied we were beneath them. He jokingly referred to us as his "nephews." He made life as a butcher bearable.

American society today is more inclusive than ever, yet we still forget men like him. In America today ex-convicts are disenfranchised, blacklisted, disrespected, and humiliated. They are dehumanized to the point where we openly question their humanity. We have made the collective decision to tolerate and even encourage this prejudice. "They're criminals," we tell ourselves, "they deserve it."

I learned many things this summer, yet that man taught me the most. He proved to me that people like him are truly admirable, that they are humans. That they not only need but deserve our forgiveness and our love. But he also showed me that they face unthinkable prejudice. They are the ones we cast out into the street, the ones we spit on.

We dismiss people like the man and every good deed that they have ever done because of one poor decision they made long ago. Yet this should not be the case. America has much to learn but perhaps we can start here. Perhaps we can learn to treat ex-convicts as human beings, regardless of their past lives. Perhaps we can learn to forgive.

hand allowed me to look past the man's history, to see him as kind, even admirable. A man who had it all, lost everything, but still kept his composure. A man who never gave up.

I grew to appreciate his benevolent character. He looked out for me and the other young employee. He told us which of our boss's orders to follow and which to ignore. He cursed

You loved the Incredibles, now get ready for...

The Mediocres!
They're just normal people like
you & me! Probably worse!



Teens Put Pressure on Government to Enact Gun Reform

By Meredith McLaughlin

Arts Editor

In the wake of the Parkland shooting, students from all over the country have risen up to protest the government's refusal to enact sensible gun legislation and finally start protecting American schools. At the forefront of this movement are the teen survivors of the shooting; students like David Hogg and Emma Gonzalez have been amazingly unrelenting in their fight to ensure that shootings like this never happen again. This form of organized pushback from the survivors has kept the tragedy from fading from public consciousness, and they have done a great deal to fight for gun control, they have also received a great deal of disturbing resistance.

It's incredible how quickly the worm turns when the victims of a mass shooting start demanding more than thoughts and prayers. The worm in this fun analogy is none other than former presidential candidate, Senator Marco Rubio. On the day of the shooting, Rubio

Grown men cry over mean teens who want to feel safe at school

tweeted "Today is that terrible day you pray never comes." People were quick to point out that Rubio received \$3,303,355 for the NRA during his campaign, including Parkland survivor Sarah Chadwick. Later, during a town hall, Rubio explained that he wants to look for solutions with the survivors, saying, "I think people that disagree on issues can agree on what they want to achieve and can find a way forward, and that's what I hope tonight is beyond anything else." However, the less than friendly reaction to his platitudes clearly hurt his feelings. I can't remember exactly what he tweeted on February 28, but I think it went something like "Th-the debate after #P-p-parkland reminds us *sniffle* W-we The People don't really like each other vevy much *sniffle* We-we smear those who r-refuse to agree with us. We claim a Ju-ju-ju-dea-*sob*-Christian *sob* heritage but celebrate arrogance & boasting & worst of all we have infected the next generation with the same d-disease." Again, that might

not be exactly how he typed it but he sure sounded real upset at being bullied by those mass-shooting victims.

While Marco Rubio's response to the tragedy feels rather hollow, at least he listened to what the students had to say. There's been a huge wave of far-right wing officials and supporters who think that these teens, due to their age, are unable to understand how gun control would affect the country, and have been maturely insulting shooting victims over their politics. U.S congressman Steve King (R-IA) has chosen really awful memes as his primary weapon against the anti-gun advocates. In a stroke of pure genius, King pointed out that a ton of people in Jonestown died drinking Kool-Aid, but we still can drink Kool-Aid, so obviously gun-control is just ridiculous. Because everyone knows it was the Kool-Aid, and not the poison, that killed the people in Jonestown.

Worst of the responses to this tragedy have been from the people who just

don't fucking believe it happened. David Hogg has been the target of a ton of conspiracy theorists who think that he's a crisis actor because his dad used to work for the FBI. These monsters have been retweeting pictures of survivors who smiled once on camera, saying that expressing any emotion other than coma-inducing grief means they must be faking. Alex Jones has of course been pushing a ton of these conspiracy theories, resulting in him having his Youtube account frozen. Jones, who has a long history of defaming parents who lost their children in mass shootings, begged Hogg to talk to the Youtube higher ups to get his account back on air. In one of the few good things to come from his theorizing, Jones said, "I noticed you called me a "shit journalist" and "snake oil" salesman when I have never called you any disparaging names....Please st-stop the defamation. My Youtube channel with 2 + billion views has now been frozen..." Cry me a river.

To the NSA Agent Who Watches me Through my Laptop

By Josh O'Dell

Staff Lover Boy

Dear Mr./Mrs. Agent,
Long time no see. Gosh, I'm sorry I'm so nervous... this is the first time we've properly corresponded. Things have been pretty one-sided up until now, I'll definitely try to work on my communication in the future. But enough about me.

I love the long nights we've spent together. Me, staring intently at my laptop screen trying to bang out the perfect essay... You, staring intently at your desktop screen, watching me as I stared intently at my laptop screen... We share something special in those moments, something I'll not soon forget. I imagine myself staring deep into your eyes when I glance suspiciously up at my laptop camera, imagining your pale hunched figure on the other end.

I love the feeling of mystery surrounding our relationship. Who are you? How old are you? Do you have a significant other? Do they know that you watch the world's most boring reality TV show for a living? And me! Sure, you watch me day in and day out, you watch all my little dramas, but you can't see what's on my screen! You have no idea what's

"I wonder how you touch yourself" -Weezer

causing me to squint my eyes the way you love, or to pace my college dorm room out of anxiety. I imagine you wish you could reach straight through our screens and console me, and that it must absolutely kill you that you can't.



I love the feeling of safety you give me... It's so reassuring to know that you're watching me day and night, even if you really are just waiting for me to praise Allah or drink anything aside from Bud Light. You're like

Santa Claus, if Santa Claus were a real person who took extraordinary liberties with the unenumerated rights of the people he's supposed to protect.

I love the way your face lights up when you boot up your computer every morning and wait for me to log on. I imagine you stroking my oblivious image on your screen, perhaps mouthing my name into the monitor, careful that none of the other government drones should overhear you.

I even love that your small, cold heart is tortured by forbidden love between voyeur and victim. I imagine you wonder whether any of Uncle Sam's other drones share your feelings for their subjects, or whether you're the only halfway decent person left in our government.

I imagine this secret weighs on you just as heavily as the secret to John F. Kennedy's assassination, or the truth behind the moon landing.

I love that we can share in the simple things. I find solace in the fact

that I can look up at the same moon whose secret base you inhabit, well outside the jurisdiction of any pesky laws that may prevent you from doing what you regard as your civic duty. I heard you could just go to Russia for that kind of thing, but then again... that probably wouldn't look too good. Still, I wish you were closer. 239,000 miles is a damn long way, but you know what they say: distance makes the heart grow fonder. And my heart is just bursting to the seams with love for you, my guardian angel, my NSA agent.

I love the thought of your small, greasy, suit-clad cockroach body lying awake at night, gazing at the framed feed of my life, even though the office explicitly forbids taking your work home with you. I love to think that my face is the last thing you see before dozing off each night, and the first thing you see each morning.

I love that you watched me type your love letter, and I can't wait not to see your face when you receive it.

Until tomorrow.

the paper's view

A note on our cover:

I love *Game of Thrones*. I started watching it freshman year of college when someone I was dating at the time was really into it. Am I a sellout? Answer: yes. Anyway, our cover is *Game of Thrones* themed because we are a publication that slays. Yes, we know that the last season ended in August or September or whatever. It doesn't really matter. The message still holds true. We slay. But we do not slay each other. That is the important part.

Here at *the paper* we are a family of sorts. An editor family, if you will. We spend countless (you can totally count them though) hours together in the basement of McGinley putting together our publication. We are very passionate about what we do and we like spending time together-- I would hope, otherwise we may have another Red Wedding. That would be pretty freaking bad.

Anyway, we built this paper throne out of all of the old editions that we have. We have a couple hundred copies of old editions from the past six or so years. It is actually kinda sad. We should start ordering less issues because it is a blatant waste of paper and ink and transportation costs. I think for the next budget semester, we will try to purchase fewer editions. There is no reason for us to have six or seven stacks left over everytime. It is absolutely very wasteful.

Also, we are the worst when it comes to organization. Some dude came into find copies of his old editions and pretty much called us out for being disorganized. My thoughts with this were: 1) rude 2) true 3) get out of my print shop. I think we should have a majorly necessary clean-up day. It is important that we get everything cleaned up. Or maybe it isn't. We have lasted this long without organizing. I think it's whatever.

I have a huge midterm so I am going to go study and be angry now. Thanks for reading fam.

xoxo,
Claire
Editor-in-Fleas

Sup nerds, MJJM here for another paper view. We're having a BLT party tonight, its gonna be great. You're all invited! I mean the party's probably going to be over by the time this comes out, but you never know. The hardest part to this party is finding a piece of bread large enough to fit all of us inside, I think I might need to put in a custom order. Oh well, can't put a price on good customer service.

Oh, by the way, that dude rifleing through all of our shit is still here, I honestly thought he would give up by now, but alas. Maybe the article was written by him from the future, and he included clues to his own murder in the text. Or maybe hes just obsessing over this a bit too much.

Regarding the back cover, its what the crew wants to be when they grow up. Predictably I have elected to become a dog because: A. WHO WOULDN'T and B. Dogs don't have to pay taxes. It's a win win! My preferred breed is a golden retriever or a yellow lab in an upper middle class family.

Well, thats it for me this week. Not much happened, same shit different day; mid terms suck, world's still on fire, BROCKHAMPTON still slaps. What can you do.

Until next time,
MJJM

Ask Bob and Judy

Giving advice to a lost generation

Q: Hey Bob and Judy, I have an interview coming up for a job. As a couple of successful people, do you have any advice for a young professional?

Bob: No, get a real job like ditch digging. Nothing makes a man like manual labor in the sun uphill both ways.

Judy: Well, kiddo, the job market is rough but I'm sure that you'll at least get minimum wage with that Philosophy degree your parents paid for. White Castle is hiring millennials by the dozen.

Q: So I've liked this girl for a while and I want our first date to be special. Where should I bring her to really wow her?

Bob: There's nothing more romantic than the county fair. That's where Judy and I went on our first date. As we were sitting on the haystacks watching the tractor pull and sharing a funnel cake, I knew right there, in that little slice of country heaven, that she was the woman I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

Judy: Wow Bob, that was unexpectedly sweet. Wear your nice briefs to bed tonight, baby. I think the perfect date is thrilling yet satisfying, like the Golden Corral. Did you hear they got a chocolate fountain??

Do you have a question for Bob and Judy?
Email us at paper.fordham@gmail.com



The Bee Movie : Communism, Capitalism, and Colonialism

By Cadila Vaz & Isha Khawaja

Jerry Seinfeld. Loving husband, father of four, and Emmy-nominated stand-up comedian. Noted for his iconic commentary: “what’s the DEAL with AIRLINE food??” Seinfeld has accomplished many great feats in his life, well known for his self-titled sitcom, *Seinfeld*, co-written with Larry David. But what happens when you give Jerry Seinfeld complete control of a children’s movie? You get *The Bee Movie*.

The Bee Movie follows the story of honeybee Barry B. Benson (voiced by the legendary Jerry Seinfeld), a native New Yorker just like Seinfeld himself. This fresh-faced, graduate isn’t keen on being an efficient cog in the machine that is the honey producing hive. Benson can’t be tamed after getting his first taste of freedom after flying outside his hive for the first time. Conveniently flying through New York City’s landmark Central Park, Benson meets Vanessa Bloome (voiced by Renee Zellweger), a human female, and the flower of their love for each other blooms shortly after. While spending time with Bloome, Benson realizes that the world he knows is all a lie: humans have been breeding bees and harvesting honey and then producing it in prejudicious packaging. Benson now sees that his *raison d’etre* is to get justice for the bees! And what’s a better way of getting justice than going through the human court system and suing the human race for theft? To be completely honest, the whole college-grad/social-justice storyline seems inspiring, and when you add the whole breaking-societal-norms and groundbreaking-romance, *The Bee Movie* seems like it could have been a kick-ass, indie flick. But no, it’s a children’s animated movie.

But it’s not any children’s movie.

It’s a movie created by Jerry frickin’ Seinfeld.

When you take enough anthropology classes, or honestly just have any ability to think critically, you’ll see that Jerry Seinfeld’s *The Bee Movie* is a masterfully constructed commentary on communism, capitalism, and colonialism. Get ready to hear about the three C’s of the B movie folks.

Father of Capitalism: Adam Smith or Jerry Seinfeld?

Let’s begin with communism. I believe that this is probably the most blatant of the three C’s. The busy worker bees represent the working proletariat class, slaving away without any real compensation. These workers spend their day in the factory, represented by the hive, creating



products (in this case honey). And just who owns these factories you might ask? The bourgeoisie, who are represented by the human race in *The Bee Movie*. The humans cage, drug and exploit bees all for the sake of honey, none of which is that different from the horrible working conditions that the bourgeoisie exerted over the proletariat. Humans practice beekeeping in order to harvest honey for the consumer market, thereby taking advantage of the poor working class bees.

Marked as the main character, Barry B. Benson is definitely the face of proletariat revolution and commie uprising. Unable to take a second more of the facade of his honeybee life, he breaks free of his shackles of capitalism and seeks out justice in the courts of New York City. Once earning the bees equal rights to the production of honey, it seems as though the wings of the communistic bees were finally soaring above the capitalist machine.

Now freed of their capitalistic bonds, the honey bees no longer have an incentive to work, now spending their time literally swimming in their

honey. With this complete disregard for their old regime, the behavior of the honeybees leads to the downfall of society as a whole, illustrated by the death of all the plants and flowers in the film as the bees ‘tan’ by their honey filled pools. Barry washes back into the tide of capitalism once he realizes how essential of a role the honeybees play in the ecosystem simply in their process of making honey.

But Capitalism plays a funny role in *The Bee Movie*. Before seen as an exploitative force, Benson and the members of his beehive eagerly return back to work at the hive to

fulfill a sense of purpose. The reality of humans’ exploitative nature first sinks in when Benson’s companion, Vanessa Bloome takes him to the supermarket. Benson is shocked when he sees hundreds of honey jars overflowing in the supermarket- as if humans don’t have enough sweeteners to add to their tea.

Shortly following this, Benson has an urgent need to find the source of the exploiters. After fencing with his butt stinger with the ‘dealer’, he ventures off to the home of the swiped honey: Honey Farms. When Benson arrives to the bee farm, he sees the horror of his distant relatives. In a desperate attempt to follow their queen, the daily-confused bees are caged in fake walls and poisoned by the beekeepers only for their products to be stolen. Honey Farms shows the essence of capitalism. Bees are still seen as individual parts working for the whole, but do not get to enjoy any of the fruits of their labor as it is sold to humans.

But at the end of the movie, Benson’s justice for the bees leads to the world’s demise. Without pollination,

trees are dying, flowers are wilting and his companion is no longer able to sell flowers. Without the production of bees, the world’s environment is at stake. Benson realizes he needs the bees to work again. His initial rage of the labor oppression of the bees subsides and Benson stresses the importance of every individual working their part for the whole. Benson pleads to return to capitalism.

The Bee Movie not only comments on capitalism, but colonialism as well. Humans’ relationship to honey is similar to Europe’s relationship to most developing nations. Humans, the colonizers, do not see what they are doing to the bees as oppression. The characters in *The Bee Movie* initially believed that humans are entitled to take the beehive honey, just as Europeans are entitled to colonize the rest of the world. Both oppressors benefit from exploiting the bees and non-European nations economically.

Also, can we take a moment to note that the honey bee population today is not actually a native species to the Americas? I’m about to lay down some heavy information so I hope that you’re going to be able to pick it up. It turns out that when Europeans first came to the Americas during their process of colonization, they introduced these honeybees so they could continue to enjoy their milk and honey. For a long time, it was thought that there was no native honeybee population, and that’s why it was essential for the Europeans to do what they did. But in 2009, paleontologist-entomologist, Michael Engle analyzed fossil records and identified that there was a worker bee (which are always female btw) fossilized in Nevada, dating to the Middle Miocene, a geological epoch way before the colonization of the Americas. While this isn’t directly related to *The Bee Movie*, it’s crazy to see how colonial forces are able to erase a native presence.

So next time you watch *The Bee Movie* or any DreamWorks Animation production, keep an eye out for the three C’s: Communism, Capitalism and Colonialism. These forces are subtly embedded in many more children’s films than you think.



What's All the Hype About *Black Panther*?

by Jorge Martinez

Staff Wakanda Reporter

In case you've been living under a rock, one of the most anticipated movies in recent years just came out: *Black Panther*. Now, this is not going to be a typical movie review where I go into detail on how the cinematography was lackluster but compensated for by the acting, or by the screenwriting... yeah, I'm not doing that. In all honesty, the reason this movie is blowing up has nothing to do with its technical details. If you race-swapped every single character and changed the African setting, it would become just another run-of-the-mill Marvel movie with a hero and a villain, and a plethora of CGI. The real value of this movie comes from what it represents rather than what it actually is: a new wave of movies that focus on presenting minorities in a positive light, instead of focusing on their socioeconomic challenges.

At no point in the movie whatsoever did I feel pity for how a black character was being persecuted by a racist establishment. At no point did I look on in terror at racially-motivated violence against African-Americans, and at no point did I ever think that the movie's purpose was to reveal the true plight of African-Americans in this country to a conservative audience. Rather, the movie tells a different tale. A tale of Afro-futurism. A world without the Eurocentrism that always places the cutting edge of progress in the Western world and challenges us with a different narrative, one that elevates depictions of Africans rather than indi-

Black power and a crucial call to arms

rectly demeaning them by always putting them in the position of victims of American institutional racism.

Speaking as a person of color, specifically a Hispanic male, I can attest to the sheer over-representation of white actors in movies and television. The fact that people talking about good Latino television usually has some ties

to telenovelas or drug cartels disgusts me. According to Statista.com, 13.6% of lead actors in movies in 2015 were minorities, which is startling, considering that they reported in 2014 that the 38% of the U.S. population is comprised of minorities. Full disclosure by the way, I am

under no illusion that Martin Luther King Jr.'s dream of integration has come anywhere close to touching digital entertainment. More often than not, movies involving minorities tend to highlight their collective struggles, such as poverty or lack of educational opportunity, yet they scarcely celebrate that group's valuable contributions to American society. Rather, they empha-

size their victimization at the hands of American infrastructure, a topic that most audiences do sympathize with, but are not particularly galvanized by in the comfort of their theater seats. This, I would argue, accidentally harms underprivileged minorities in cinema by cementing them in a position of victimhood audiences would become too

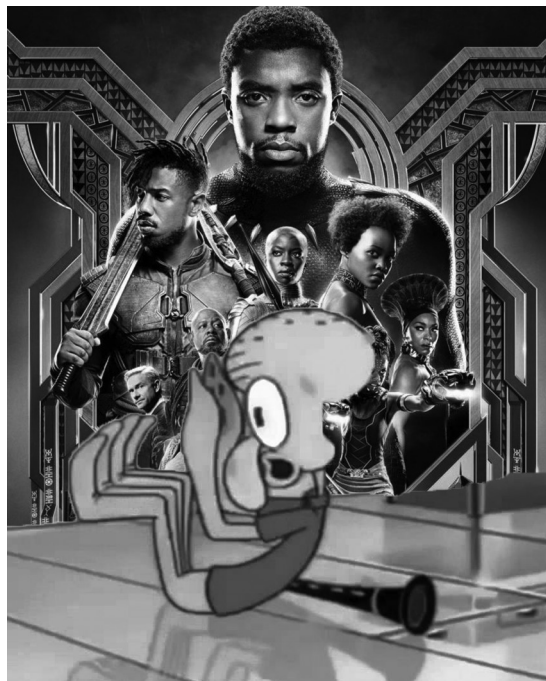
accustomed too and, inevitably, desensitized to.

Black Panther does something completely different from other all-black casts that have preceded. It breaks this mold of apathy. What I mean is that this movie is able to spark a sense of optimism that *Moonlight* and

12 Years a Slave never could. Granted, these movies presented aspects of the African-American experience that cannot, under no uncertain terms, be understated in any way. American slavery and the experience of growing up black, poor, and gay are not themes I intend to demean. What I mean is that *Black Panther* provides a more galvanizing call-to-arms. At a point in recent

history, it seemed like movies like *Moonlight*, *12 Years a Slave*, *Django Unchained*, and even *Straight Outta Compton* were perpetuating stereotypical views of the African-American community. *Black Panther*, on the other hand, defies many of these expectations, presenting an African nation as more scientifically and militarily advanced than America. From the perspective of movie-goers, this flies right in the face of their typical expectations for such all-minority cast films.

These movies did in fact serve their communities well, but *Black Panther* was a needed change in pace. The movie is jam-packed with African culture, science fiction so advanced it seems like magic, and strong performances from its leads and supporting characters. The other movies all had their own exceptional qualities as films. What makes *Black Panther* truly special is that it does address the plight of minorities in America, but, through its setting, is able to tap into the minority's desire to see their race elevated to heights that reality cannot parallel. This is what Hollywood needs, not just a fix in underrepresentation, but a fundamental change in how they are portrayed. This change would see them depicted in roles that transcend or even disregard whatever circumstances stereotypically afflict their racial groups. If this is done, minorities will finally be shown in Hollywood the way they ought to be: as individuals unchained from their stereotypes.



EVENTS

What: Fordham Dance Marathon

Where: Lombardi Fieldhouse

When: Fri. March 9 from 2-11:59pm

How Much: \$10

Why: Supports the B+ Foundation and the fight against pediatric cancer!

What: Formal for the Kids

Where: MichaelAngelo's

When: Fri. March 9 at 10 pm

How Much: \$30 at the door; \$25 if paid before March 7th

Why: Proceeds go to St. Jude's Research Hospital and there's pizza

What: Cultural Affairs March Raffle

Where: McGinley Lobby

When: March 13 from 6pm to 7pm

How Much: TBA

Why: Win tix to Lorde's Melodrama Tour at Barclay's on 4/4 or to some sports thing.

Sasha Velour's *Nightgowns*: All Good Things Glitter

by Annie Muscat
Arts Editor

A fantastic array of vibrant colors, glistening sequins, elaborate choreography, and eloquent politically-charged commentary. Where else could you be but Sasha Velour's *Nightgowns*? Nestled in the heart of New York's favorite gentrified neighborhood, *Nightgowns* appears monthly at National Sawdust in Williamsburg. It's an understatement to call the performance a celebration of drag. *Nightgowns* serves as a wholehearted embrace of self-expression, an admiration for the art of drag, its abilities to transcend the gender binary and to create something beautiful and meaningful. This vision is embodied by Sasha Velour, winner of *RuPaul's Drag Race* Season Nine, who created and hosts the showcase along with her drag sister, Olive d'Nightlife.

Admittedly, I know very little about the drag community. From articles I've read and show excerpts I've watched, I realize there are issues such as racial biases within the community. Of course, this doesn't exactly reflect the drag community itself, but rather the ingrained societal thought which is further propagated by a certain orange guy squatting in a white house. Despite this, the drag community is one of the most inclusive, accepting, and supportive subcultures I've ever seen.

I found myself at *Nightgowns* on a Monday in February. National Sawdust's design itself contributed to the air of ingenuity. White geometric shapes of varying sizes and indented patterning adorned the walls and ceilings, and the room was bathed in hot pink light.

Olive d'Nightlife took the stage in cheetah print and she was larger than life, not only in stature, but in her presence, which exuded confidence and joy. After her gracious monologue welcoming everyone, Olive introduced Sasha in what was one of the most dramatic and highly anticipated entrances ever, but I expected nothing

The night was anything but a drag

less. Sasha emerged in a skintight cheetah print bodysuit and blonde wig, looking supremely fierce (sorry to succumb to overused, mainstream terminology), and performed a captivating routine with her boyfriend, Johnny Velour, and fellow drag queen, Miz Jade.

As Sasha caught her breath and underwent a costume change after absolutely dominating the floor, Olive sang about self-acceptance to a piano ballad. She joked about consistently forgetting the words, but was nonetheless, very entertaining. Sasha was re-introduced once again, this time wearing a mermaid-style cheetah print dress, accentuating her phenomenal silhouette, and a matching pill-box hat with a billowing train and elongated feather. The two proposed a toast to

Shelter, a homeless shelter for LGBTQ+ youth in New York City.

In order of appearance, the talent was West Dakota, Maxxx Pleasure, Vivacious, Neon Calypso, Untitled Queen, Miz Jade, and Monet X Change. Each was alluring in their own way, yet certain artists definitely stood out.

Conceptually, I found Untitled Queen's to be the most intriguing. She wore a dress made of yarn which was yanked at and partially unraveled near her heart and pelvis until the end of the song when she used a pair of scissors to cut herself free from the manipulative strings.

Neon Calypso slapped the audience in the face with her performance that she began by feverishly miming a monologue about the corruptive and relentless nature of capitalism. Then,

in a bedazzled, dollar-sign leotard, the drag queen gave it her all to a remix of Rihanna's "Bitch Better Have My Money". Splits were done. Money was thrown. And jaws surely dropped.

Monet X Change, who will be debuting on next season of *RuPaul's Drag Race*, had the best look and outfit reveal. She stood in a sparkling red dress before a projection of fire. Eventually, she stripped herself of her feather collar and hoop skirt to uncover a skintight bodysuit in gradients of brilliant red, orange, yellow, and blue. She was reminiscent of a phoenix, reborn from flames.

Finally, after each performer had their time in the limelight, Sasha left the audience with one final number. She looked beyond elegant in a white, mermaid gown and radiant yellow gloves. Finger by finger, she removed each glove to uncover large, blue raindrops, which she violently plucked from her dress. It was a beautiful ending to an evening full of glamour, compassion, and all-around positive energy.

"Happy Days Are Here Again," Sasha lip-synced. And in that moment, it felt as if she was right.



sisterhood, clinking glasses of white wine and sipping from straws.

At this point, Sasha took her place at the side of the stage and delivered a profound and carefully worded speech about queerness, love, solidarity, and passion. Her language was simple yet every word carried such depth and authenticity. This sincerity was continued through the heartfelt lip-syncing acts of the following six performers.

Five drag queens and one drag king performed and during the intermission, there was a raffle for prizes with all of the proceeds going to the Trinity Place

Altered Carbon: Netflix's Neo-Noire Crime Drama

by Michael Jack O'Brien
Executive Editor

Cyberpunk flair with less optimal writing

I'll be the first to admit that cyberpunk is my guilty pleasure. The writing could be subpar, the actors could be boring, but god damn if you slap some neon lights and rain onto a setting, I'm instantly a fan. Of course, cyberpunk would be meaningless without its partner in crime, neo-noire; which gives framing for why everything is grey, gritty, and miserable. If, like it is for me, this setting is your perfect cup of tea, then I'm sure you'll be pleased to learn that the new Netflix exclusive crime drama *Altered Carbon* is right up your alley.

Brought back to life after a century in stasis, *Altered Carbon* follows the adventures of Takeshi Kovacs: super soldier, master detective, and freedom fighter among other things who is charged with solving the murder of the wealthy Lawrence Bancroft in a futuristic hyper-developed San Francisco, now called Bay City. The catch to this story is, of course, that Lawrence Bancroft is still alive. In the world of *Altered Carbon*, human consciousness has been downloaded into "stacks" that can be moved from body to body. As a result, it's quite hard to actually "die" as long as you can afford a new body.

While the world of *Altered Carbon* is colorful and interesting, it is by no means original. The show is not afraid to wear its inspirations on its sleeve and takes wholesale from the "generic cyberpunk playbook" without shame.

Rain, neon lights, multiculturalism, and massive wealth disparity are all fair game. Even the setting, Bay City, is seemingly copied straight from *Blade Runner*. Of course, this is fine, and *Altered Carbon* is not pretending to be anything that it's not with its setting, unoriginal as it is.

The main actors of the series, Joel Kinnaman as the protagonist Takeshi and Martha Higareda as the tough grizzled cop Kristen Ortega perform wonderfully, and have great on-screen chemistry. Be that as it may, the writing

of *Altered Carbon* leaves something to be desired. For starters, the series has trouble picking a tone and sticking with it. While the story starts as a bleak, miserable noire detective story in the likes of, say it with me now, *Blade Runner*, the show quickly descends into a somewhat goofy crime action story, with gratuitous shootouts, fistfights, and one-liners galore. Not that there's anything wrong with this, but the juxtaposition of tone from scene to scene is jarring. In one moment a character could be having an existential breakdown about the futility of life because nobody can die. In another, they can be seen chumming it up with a turn of the century robot butler, drinking whiskey

a "neo-noire" story full of angst and betrayal, but performs more in line with a cyberpunk Sherlock Holmes story, with a mystery plot so convoluted that only a hyper-aware detective genius would be able to uncover the true meanings behind the clues.

At this point, we need to address what I find is the biggest flaw in *Altered Carbon*. While the protagonist Takeshi Kovacs is certainly interesting, it's hard to ignore the fact that he is ostensibly a Mary Sue, or maybe Larry Sue, as the character seems to check all the boxes of male wish fulfillment. Takeshi seems to be good at almost everything he does, with the plot explaining that he's essentially a hyper-trained super

soldier called an "envoy." He's basically invincible, and almost never loses a fight unless the odds are stacked absurdly against him. He's a perfect detective who possesses a magical plot device called "envoy intuition" which means that he just happens to observe way more about situations than his companions. He's funny, but also a complete asshole, and no matter how many bodies he leaves in his wake, his core group of compatriots never seem to leave his side. And moreover, he's also ridiculously attractive and winds up seducing or being seduced by female cast members who for one reason or another want to get inside his pants. It's not that he's a

bad character, but I can't help to think about *Altered Carbon*'s contemporaries, mainly *Blade Runner* and *Blade Runner 2049*, both of which feature protagonists who are emphasized as not being "super detectives" and get beat down constantly over the course of their respective films.

Writing flaws aside, I still had fun with *Altered Carbon*, and I'm looking forward to a second season if it gets renewed. It's not perfect by any means, but as I said before, cyber-punky neon lights can make me fawn over anything.



SHOWS

What: Free Days at the Whitney Museum of American Art

Where: Whitney Museum

When: Fri. March 9 from 7-10pm

How Much: Pay what you want!!

Why: Thought-provoking art! Or just a nice backdrop for your new Facebook profile picture...

What: Fordham Playrights Festival

Where: Collins Black Box

When: Fri. March 9 and Sat. March 10 at 8pm

How Much: FREE

Why: Talent galore!

What: Porches, Girl Ray, and Palberta Concert

Where: Music Hall of Williamsburg

When: Fri. March 23

How Much: \$20

Why: SoOoOoooo indie

I Went to See *Last Week Tonight* and all I got was Roasted

by Jack Archambault

Opinions Editor

Two weeks ago, I was lucky enough to go see *Last Week Tonight with John Oliver*, or as my mom calls it, *That Last Week John Oliver Show*. I had been trying to get tickets with my friend, Brian Ma (hit him up, ladies) for months, and we were finally successful. I'm assuming most of you reading this have seen the show, but for anyone who hasn't, it involves a very British-looking guy, John Oliver, sitting at a desk and talking about news stories that happened in the previous week. But you know all that. I'm here to tell you about the *Last Week Tonight* you don't see on TV.

Okay, that last sentence sounded a lot cooler than it actually is. Like all late-night shows, tickets are assigned through a lottery you can enter online about a month before taping. I cannot recommend entering these lotteries enough. Tickets are free if you are lucky enough to be selected, and this year I've also won tickets to *The Tonight*

What's up with the goats, Jack?

Show. Really, just go online and try.

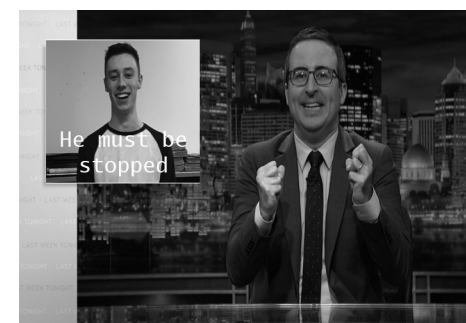
Episodes are taped at the CBS studios on 57th street a few hours before they air on HBO. Before the show starts, a comedian who is not as talented or charming as John Oliver comes out and warms up the crowd. And in this context "warms up" actually means "picks two unsuspecting members of the audience and roasts the ever-loving shit out of them." Those two people were, you guessed it, Brian and me. It is disempowering to be made fun of in front of hundreds of people who know nothing about you, because to them, everything the roaster says about you is true. Nobody knows any better. You can't defend yourself. To everybody there that night, all I am is a teenager with a mockable voice who has a weird goat obsession. (I'm not going to explain that).

Finally, as my self-esteem was about to shatter into a million pieces and scatter across the floor, John Oliver came out for an audience Q & A before

the show. What amazed me about this was just how funny he is in person. I mean, I always knew he was funny, but I also thought he just kind of read off the teleprompter, leading to me having a number of, "I bet I could do that," discussions with my friends. Here's a fact...I can't.

The show itself was outstanding, as always. Sometimes Oliver discusses more obscure topics that people might not be aware of, such as auto lending, or debt buyers, but for the first episode of Season 5 he played a classic: Trump. Specifically, how he interacts with and is seen by the rest of the world. Fact numero dos...not kindly. While Oliver has tackled the topic of Trump many times, it felt fresh this time because he reached beyond how Trump's actions affect America, to how they affect the international community. Essentially, he looked at what the world thinks of Trump. Fact the third... that he's a colossal joke. Seriously. Before showing a montage of Trump

impersonators from around the globe, Oliver described mocking Trump as "a cottage industry." But the show ended on a more hopeful note, with Oliver making an impassioned plea to the rest of the world to recognize that Trump is not all of America. After naming great things about our country, like Mountain Dew, Popeye's Chicken, and bubble soccer, the New York City Gay Men's Chorus came onto the stage and performed "All-Star" by Smash Mouth. I don't mean to be hyperbolic when I say this: It was the most beautiful piece of art I've ever seen, and John Oliver is a bad bitch.



Two paper Editors see "A Case for Magic" at the Frigid Festival

by Olivia Langenberg

Features and Lists Editor

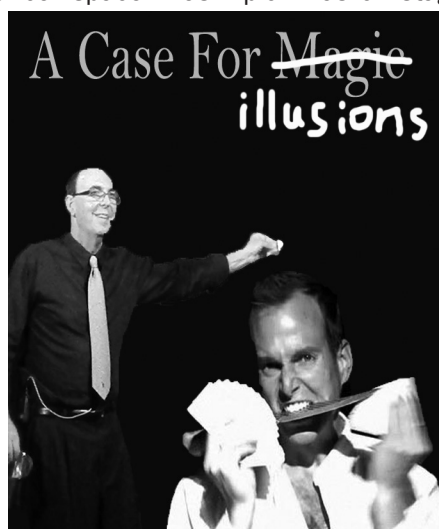
A few weeks back, we at *the paper* were offered a unique opportunity to attend "A Case for Magic" at the NYC Frigid Fringe Festival. When I read this email, I quickly offered to represent us at the event. I like to take advantage of the random opportunities we get here in NYC, so I thought, "Hey, why not?"

The Frigid Festival was founded back in 2007 to give the theater community a place to freely express themselves and their art. In support of this, 100% of the box office proceeds go directly to the artists. Frigid thrives through generous donations from the surrounding community. It runs for about 2 weeks, giving performers the opportunity to showcase their talents multiple times. The act that we were specifically invited to attend was Robert Malissa's "A Case for Magic." Malissa is a Philadelphia native who has been doing magic since age 12. His goal of the show is to fight back against the idea that magic is tacky, or just for kids.

So there I am. I'm headed downtown

But can he make my anxiety disappear?

on the D train at 7pm on a Wednesday. Before I know it, I'm in the East Village, and I realize I have no idea what I'm getting myself into. I wander into the Kraine Theater, find myself a seat, and buckle in for what is about to come next. The performance space was small, similar to the Blackbox in Collins and most indie theater spaces I've been in before. Malissa took the stage, opening the show asking the audience whether or not we liked card tricks. Most of us said we did, and Malissa proceeded to shuffle a deck of cards. He asked for a volunteer, but phrased it as "an internship," which the audience enjoyed. He performed a typical card trick, one of those "Is this your card?" bits to start the show off.



Malissa crafted his show with many short tricks in succession. He went through another card trick in which he informed us that he had made a prediction prior to the performance. The card he imagined we would pick was on stage sealed away in an envelope. Once again, audience participation was encouraged to narrow down the cards until we eventually selected one specific card. And of course, that was the card that had been sealed in the envelope. Sure, it wasn't an incredibly mind-blowing trick, but I was still impressed.

If I can't tell how a trick is done, consider me pleased.

Perhaps my favorite part of the show was Malissa's attempt at mentalism.

I've seen mentalists on America's Got Talent and the like, so I was excited to see Malissa take a stab at it. My fellow editor, Annie was the one who had the pleasure of assisting Malissa for this trick. From what I know, mentalism involves careful observance and intuition. Somehow, the talent is able to pick out a word that the person is thinking of just from watching them.

Annie was instructed to pick a word from a page in *The Economist*, of which she chose "paintbrush." Malissa proposed some random words to her, observing the way she reacted to them, and eventually determined that "paintbrush" was indeed the word she had been thinking of.

All in all, I enjoyed my experience at "A Case for Magic." It was a night full of light-hearted fun, gasps, and wonder. It isn't terribly often that you get invited to a magic show, so I'm glad that I had the opportunity to attend one. Malissa told us he had been working on this particular show for a year, and it is clear that his work paid off.

An In-Depth Analysis of *Fifty Shades Freed*: It Had to Be Done...

by Gabby Curran

Staff Lactose Intolerant

Last Saturday, I had the opportunity--nay, the privilege--to see the long-awaited finale of the *Fifty Shades of Grey* franchise. With *Fifty Shades Freed* finally adapted for and released on the silver screen, this trilogy of sin is complete at last. The film itself is nothing short of a masterpiece--awkward cinematography, agonizingly clumsy line delivery, and some of the most cringe-worthy writing I have personally ever witnessed make this movie among of the finest of its genre. All fifteen people in the movie theater I attended, especially the sixty-year-old man who kept shushing my friends and I, were on the edge of our seats, completely enthralled by the performances. But this delightful little film wasn't merely entertaining. Were Sir Philip Sidney (God rest his soul) still with us, he would have been proud of *Fifty Shades Freed's* ability to delight and to teach. Here is but a small list of life lessons, in no particular order, that I have picked up from the final installment of the timeless trilogy that is *Fifty Shades of Grey*.

- When you marry your significant other, you are obviously signing a contract that states that you will obey their every command. You are also apparently stating that you are now a possession that cannot be shared with anyone.

- You can never have too many houses. Do you, a married couple with no children, already own a luxurious multi-story apartment big enough to house a family of 10? Why not purchase another one, and completely revamp it to add more space while you're at it? Pay no mind to the homeless people living down the street, though.

- If your wife refuses to change her email to reflect her new married name within a specific time frame, march over to her office and interrupt her busy

A lesson on love, life, and dairy-licking

schedule to berate her for it. How dare she not want everyone to know that she is yours and yours alone? This is definitely a big enough issue for you to need to talk to her in person about it, right then and there.

- The time to bring up having children is obviously after the wedding. There's no need to address the topic and ruin your relationship too soon; save this conversation for after you've said your vows so you can blow up at each other when you realize you want completely different things out of life.

- If your husband employs any woman who is remotely attractive--especially if she's an architect--she is obviously a threat and trying to bang him. Neutralize the thot as soon as possible. Trust? Who even needs that in a relationship anymore?

- Metal dildos are a thing. Yes, I was just as shocked as you are. And you too can own one for the low, low price of \$52.25 on Amazon for a limited time only!

- If you think your lover is cheating on you, they're probably just planning to propose to you, so don't freak out! Having your man become completely closed off to you and spend a suspicious amount of time with a beautiful woman with big fake breasts doesn't mean jack. Just make sure your fingers are properly manicured at all times--he could pop the question at any moment!

- Vanilla ice cream is an aphrodisiac. Having a little trouble getting things going in the bedroom? Have no fear--Ben & Jerry are here to help. Dripping it all over your lover's bare chest and then licking it up with your tongue, disregarding the uncomfortable sticky residue it obviously leaves behind? Delicious. You'll never look at frozen dairy the same way again.

- Despite having an entire trained security staff at your disposal and living in a presumably well-guarded property, you can still be held at knifepoint by an ex-prisoner who snuck into your house. Somehow.

- You are completely within your rights to dictate the way your wife lives her life, including hiring an entire security team to surround her at all times, and making her come home straight from work, no exceptions, not even if she is a grown ass woman. If she wanted to see her friends, she should have gone before her curfew.

- If your twenty-something-year-old wife disobeys your orders (how dare she!) it's perfectly reasonable -- and encouraged! -- to torture her with a vibrator because you want her to feel what it's like when she "frustrates you." That's what marriage is all about, right? Passive-aggressive retaliation?

- If you decide to own a gun for personal protection, be sure to store it in a safe and concealed place. This obviously means a random drawer in your office where a woman looking for scissors could easily discover it and pocket it later.

- If your wife gets pregnant despite the two of you having an inordinate amount of sex (how dare she), the appropriate response is to get angry, leave, come home drunk, and above all blame her for her current condition.

- Trying to disguise the third installment of a poorly-represented dom-sub relationship as an action flick? Just insert a random kidnapping scene centered around a character who was barely in the film. Also, be sure to include a crazily underwhelming car chase scene where the most exciting thing that happens is a car bypassing another, stationary car at a slightly faster speed than one would expect.

- With enough influence, privilege, wealth and power, you too can extract \$5,000,000 in cash at the drop of a hat, no questions asked!

- Pregnant women cannot handle three punches without having to go to the hospital wearing an oxygen mask. Women are already helpless, fragile little flowers by nature (obviously) but with the added condition of pregnancy, they become tiny, delicate creatures that the smallest gust of wind could effortlessly knock over.

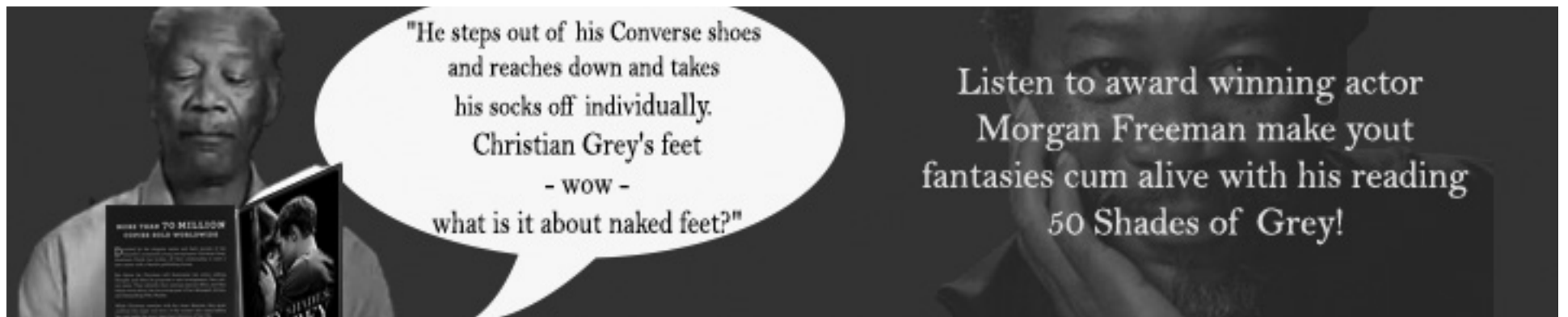
- If, perchance, someone should turn your romance into a kinky softcore porn film for lonely 40-year-old housewives too old for *Twilight*, make sure that the wife's tits are prominent and in full view as much as possible while the husband's dick is carefully concealed at all times. Now that's what I call equality!

- If you think a guy is creepy, possessive, manipulative, and a stalker, just give it five months--you'll find yourself married to him in no time (yes, the entire *Fifty Shades* trilogy allegedly takes place over the span of five months).

- If you are soft-spoken, sweet, even remotely attractive, and bland as can be, every man in your vicinity will inexplicably be charmed by and drawn to you. They will then proceed to either fall in love with you, or hate you and try to kill you.

- While reminiscing about the past failure that is your "BDSM" relationship, be sure that a sultry, upbeat Ellie Goulding song is playing in the background. That way, your liaison will look like it was an actual romance as opposed to the abusive, toxic and misogynistic piece of shit that it really was.

- And finally, \$16.00 is a totally appropriate amount of money to pay to see poorly-written softcore porn, especially if you are a college student with little to no money to begin with.



PyeongChang 2018



features

the paper's olympic recap/review

written by someone who has very minimal knowledge of cold olympic sports



elizabeth swaney was a queen. she represented hungary and she skied the most average halfpipe ski event that anyone ever seen. i am offended that people were mad at her for this. she had a dream to come to the olympics, and despite her averageness, she achieved her dream of competing in the olympics. elizabeth swaney is my hero. i recommend watching the video of her skiing, the commentary is priceless



yo i don't know who this is but homegirl is literally vertical to the floor and im fucking impressed. she reaching for her olympic dreams and achieving them, and i'm out here just reaching for decent grades, and not even achieving that lmao. god bless people with ambition.



this guy did some ice skating
i forget his name i thnk its aaron all i know is that he's american and gay
10/10
my mood when i drop my metroc card on the floor of the dirty subway and i know im going to have to awkwardly scrape it off the mysteriously sticky ground



alright so 10/10 recommend google image searching people luging because they look hilariously ridiculous. shit's really dangerous, they're going mad fast and they gotta make sure they're not gonna DIE. they dropping down the slope faster than my gpa gonna drop this semester from not studying. i realize i've made that joke twice but i do not care



there was a lot of stuffed animals at the olympics. i really admired it. we should start a petition everywhere to throw stuffed animals at people for their amazing performances. 10/10 south korea



ok so i really liked curling because it just you know really inspired me to just let go of my fears, and to imagine myself as the curling stone = gently sliding on ice, with no control of my destiny, and random people just brushing the floor in front of me?? um talk about being treated like a #queen



the big bad march list

Am I the only one who feels like it has been winter for at least 2 years straight? Not sure what we did to deserve this, but I'm certainly looking forward to spring, whenever it gets here. This time around, we decided to ask the paper staff: April showers bring May flowers, but what does March bring?

Midterms HELL

March obviously brings midterms and grades for midterms. Every person on campus dreads the midterm hell. The fear and sleepless nights figuring out which historical figure killed who and how to do the Pythagorean Theorem and then adding seventeen more steps. March brings the terrible feeling of waiting to receive your midterm back and seeing whether or not those twenty questions you guessed on were actually the right answer. Why are they so hard? Why do our professors hate us? It must be the new March air. Especially if that groundhog fucked us over, the little prick.

BULLSHIT WEATHER

April showers bring May flowers, which is great, I just wish that April politely asked its neighbor March to MAKE UP ITS FUCKING MIND ABOUT WHAT SEASON IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE. Some days it's sunny! Spring! Happiness! Warm weather! And then other times if

the jeezus stars align and Mercury is in retrograde or some shit it suddenly becomes an ARCTIC WASTELAND; DON'T GO OUTSIDE TODAY BECAUSE IT HURTS YOUR FACE, BECAUSE I'M MARCH AND THIS ISN'T JUST A PHASE. In short, March is the Kylo Ren of months and should be shown the fucking door.

A sweet gift from Ronny McDonny

Shamrock Shakes! If you haven't tried one, head on down to your local Mickey D's and slurp down one of these hazardous chemical looking minty delights with a dollop of whipped cream and a cherry on top! Unless of course, their ice cream machine is broken.

Nothing good.. That's for sure

March sucks. All it brings is midterms, weird illnesses, annoying weather, and STRESS. I am so stressed – mostly about my acne which is caused by stress and my DuoLingo Dutch certificate. Why am I learning Dutch? It doesn't matter. All that matters is how much March sucks.

That warm feeling of sadness...

Seasonal depression, baby! Because nothing is sadder than the fact that spring break is on the horizon and I look like the love-child of Pillsbury dough boy and the Michelin man.

Midterms...Again?

Midterms bloom at the very beginning of March. While their lifespan is only of about two weeks, the misery and pain they bring will stick with you for months to come, and will keep you up at night asking questions like, "Why am I spending \$60k a year to go to college when I could just feel like crap about myself in the comfort of my parents' home?" Side effects of exposure to midterms include the number 4.0 becoming a reminder of what will never be, questioning how and why you are still alive, and wondering if your parents would be mad at you dropping out and becoming a stripper.

A balance of giving and taking

March brings my period and takes away my dorm key. If anyone has found a key around Freeman Hall pls lmk.

Bad Irish Accents

St. Patrick's day is just around the corner and you know what that means!! Everyone pretending to be Irish, and using this as an excuse to get shitfaced in public, and further perpetuate stereotypes that Irish are all drunks. This stereotype may or may not be true. It's whatever you want to believe. Also March brings my dog's birthday. Happy 8th birthday Maxlee you keep being the bomb..

Squirrel season

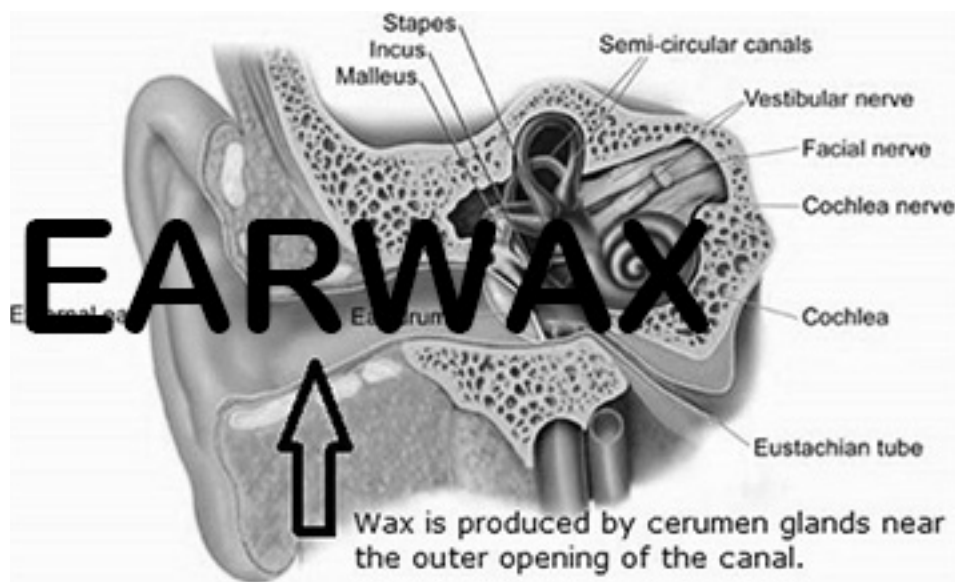
March brings back squirrels. You think there are a lot of squirrels on campus right now? Boy oh boy, just wait til spring when they all multiply...like...rabbits. Ok that metaphor doesn't work since they're rodents, too, but there are a WHOLE BUNCH. The big wave usually hits in April or May, but they start to poke their heads out in early March, seeing if it's warm enough and snatching some Grille fries while they're out, lil sneakers. Gotta love em.

Sports!

Madness! I don't follow basketball anymore, but I used to live near Duke University, and the Final Four bracket is indelibly imprinted on my soul.

General discomfort

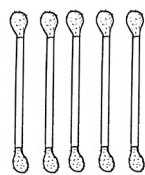
Everyone already said that March brings midterms.. But this time of year also means that too much time has passed for me to ask that girl in my Anthropology class what her name is every time she casually makes small talk with me. It also means that it's about to be time for outdoor parties again and there's nothing worse than having to pee in someone's backyard. Why won't you let me into your house? Why must you make me squat in the corner of your backyard like an animal? What are you hiding?



Janelle Monáe
“Make Me Feel” and “Django Jane”
 By Robin Happel

“Make Me Feel” has a uniquely 80’s synth feel, more femme than fembot, distinct from Monáe’s previous electropop hits on ArchAndroid and her other albums. In a radio interview with the BBC, Monáe revealed that Prince actually wrote the synth line shortly before his death, meaning “Make Me Feel” might be as close as we ever get to resurrecting the Purple One (unless Timberlake follows through on his tacky hologram). Released with semi-autobiographical song “Django Jane,” “Make Me Feel” is a stand-out single from upcoming album Dirty Computer. Punchy and fast-paced, the music video for “Make Me Feel” is a neon confection, a futuristic fantasy part San Junipero, part “Space Oddity.” Beneath its sugary surface lies great depth, however, as when Monáe dances before strobe lights patterned like a bisexual pride flag, and draws inspiration from the at-times androgyny of both David Bowie and Prince himself. Dressed as a drag king, Monáe further bends gender expectations in “Django Jane.” Like her previous anthem “Q.U.E.E.N,” “Django Jane” delivers both the punchy pop vocals and layers of hidden meaning Monáe is famed for. In lines like, “Black girl magic, y’all can’t stand it / Y’all can’t ban it, made out like a bandit” Monáe cleverly comments on her own humble origins and meteoric rise. “Django Jane” is a touching tribute to both her blue-collar family and her well-deserved success, and, in the words of Monáe herself, “if

she’s the GOAT now, would anybody doubt it?”

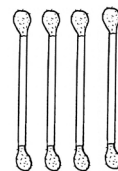


Letters from the Colony
Vignette
 By Christian Decker

I’ve been looking for some good progressive and math metal to listen to for quite a bit now. I’m a huge Meshuggah fan, and you can definitely hear the influence of them on this record. This is the debut LP for Letters from the Colony on Nuclear Blast Records. The album is actually relatively short, running a little less than an hour, but it packs a punch. The opening track, “Galax”, is 8 minutes of pure djent with some really cool electronic elements. You can tell the band obviously takes a lot of inspiration from Meshuggah, but they add enough of their own flavor to make it interesting and fresh. The guitar solos are much more clean sounding than Meshuggah’s which adds another in-

teresting dynamic to their sound. The tracks “Glass Palaces” and “Sunwise” are the most directly djent and math metal style, and they make you want to head bang for a long time. The best track on the album in my opinion is the title track “Vignette.” It’s 12 minutes long and I love me some awesome long songs. It has all the hard-hitting chugging riffs that you would expect from a djent album, but in between has these beautiful electronic and melodic notes and guitar pieces that really make the track stand out. Overall, I think it’s a great debut.

Favorite Track: “Vignette”



Vance Joy
Nation of Two
 Olivia Langenberg

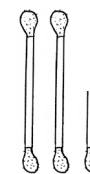
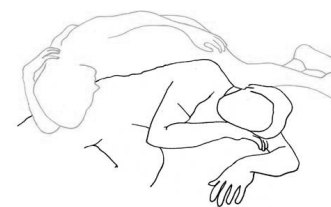
When I first saw the album artwork for this, I was stoked. It is seriously stunning. Unfortunately, the artwork is pretty much the most exciting thing about this album. I like Vance Joy. He feels like the kind of guy you’d sit in a porch swing with and drink sweet tea. That being said, he’s pretty vanilla, and that comes through on this album. I listened to this album the first time while my roommate made a stir fry, and it felt appropriate for that event. This is the kind of music you can put on absentmindedly in the background while you’re doing something else.

This album feels like a mixture of a lot of artists I know. I feel some Fleet Foxes, some Mumford & Sons, and some Ed Sheeran in here. That’s fine. Yet, I don’t really want to listen to someone’s music and just hear a bunch of other people’s sounds in it. Lyrically, this album also doesn’t stand out. I don’t mind clichés, and, in light-

hearted music like this, I expect them. But...I want to be wowed. Unfortunately, I was just kind of bored when I finished listening to this. I didn’t have a bad time listening to it by any means. What will happen here is I will move on with my life and this album will slip into the black hole of my mind. Before I know it, I won’t be able to remember the name of it or any songs on it. My life will be the same as it was before this album came out. At least the album artwork is pretty though, right?

Favorite Track: “Lay It On Me”

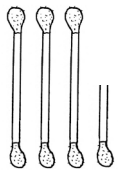
VANCE JOY
 NATION OF TWO



DJ Khaled
 “Top Off”
 Andrew Millman

In preparation for his eleventh album Father of Asahd, DJ Khaled released his latest single “Top Off.” The song features Jay Z and Beyoncé (and Future is there too). After “Shinning,” the song is the second time DJ Khaled has gotten Jay Z and Beyoncé together on a song. Living meme DJ Khaled yells out his standard set of interjections (“We the Best,” “DJ Khaled,” etc.) and Future repeats the same line (“I took the top off the Maybach”) for the chorus over an equally boring and repetitive beat. However, Jay Z and Beyoncé save the song and make it bearable to listen to. Without them, the song is just a Future song from like 2016. Both Jay and Beyoncé call for the release of rapper Meek Mill, who has been unjustly imprisoned for months. Jay Z juxtaposes this injustice with George Zimmerman’s freedom after killing an unarmed

teenager Trayvon Martin. Overall, Jay's verse is on the better side of his late-career work. I enjoyed 4:44 and hope he makes more music like that, rather than bragging about his wealth, which is less compelling, albeit entertaining. Jay may be good, but the best part of the song is Beyoncé rapping. It's disappointing that she doesn't sing the chorus instead of Future. She has the best line in the song: "If they're trying to party with the queen, they're going to have to sing a non-disclosure." Same.



Screaming Females
All At Once
David Kennedy

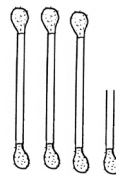
New Jersey rock group, Screaming Females, are back with their first release since 2015's *Rose Mountain*. Vocalist/guitarist, Marissa Paternoster, fronts the group, playing guitar riffs that are both melodic, and angular. Her vocals are idiosyncratically witchy, wailing, and full of an odd vibrato that sounds as though she could lose control of her own voice at any second. The rhythm section is jittery and syncopated in a way that demands constant nods.

Screaming Females have made a slow transition through their discography to a more consistently poppy and hook driven sound from their earlier heavier stuff. *All At Once* features some of the group's most lyrically complex songs. The album focuses on the subject of relationships. The vocals are suitably melodramatic and high-flown. The song *Soft Domination* embodies the two sides of the band, featuring tense, heavy verses

and a catchy chorus that sounds like it could've come from a mid-2000s pop-rock song. Sonically, the more dissonant aspects of the band are absent, making room for very straightforward power chord driven guitar melodies, traditional rock solos, and a lot of sing-along vocal hooks.

All in all, this is some of the tightest playing one could hope for from a straightforward pop punk album. I miss the off the wall idiosyncratic sounds Screaming Females used to bring, but I can tell I'll be returning for a few of these songs. The albums worth a listen, and I have no doubt some of these hooks will stay with me down the line.

Favorite Song: "Soft Domination"



Go-Kart Mozart
Mozart's Mini-Mart
Marty Gatto

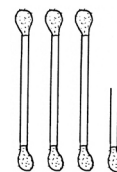
The bizarre, middle-aged English indie rock musician known mononymously as "Lawrence" has just released a new album with his band Go-Kart Mozart entitled *Mozart's Mini Mart*. The album features a strange, intriguing mixture of sounds on each track, like the 80's synth prevalent throughout the album and the bluesy, energetic piano present in "Relative Poverty," a song, as the title may have you guess, about how the singer is living on "a dinner a day."

In addition to these energetic elements that bring hooks and rhythm, there is also a notable component of

psychedelia in many of the tracks, with some tracks composed almost entirely of psychedelic sounds. Two such tracks are "Anagram of We Sold Apes" and "Anagram 1st Prize Reprise," which open and close the album respectively. This technique is interesting, because it allows the listener to smoothly slide into the listening at the albums start and find sufficient closure at the albums end.

By far one of the best qualities about this album is the sarcasm rife throughout it. One of my favorite tracks, "I'm Dope" opens with a belch, effectively amplifying its already sarcastic tone. This aspect of the album really allows the artist to pull off some of the more serious themes, such as a bright song about his own poverty or depression. As far as the album as a whole goes, I found it quite interesting, insofar as Go-Kart Mozart and their front man "Lawrence" managed to make unexpectedly functional, playful songs.

Favorite Song: "I'm Dope"



DAVID'S BAD LOVE PLAYLIST

1. "I PUT A SPELL ON YOU" SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS

2. "COLDWATER CANYON" DORY PREVIN

3. "SIDEPIECE" NX-WORRIES

4. "HEY" THE PIXIES

5. "SHE'S LIKE HEROIN TO ME" THE GUN CLUB

6. "THE WEEKEND" SZA

7. "THE NIGHT JOSH TILLMAN CAME TO OUR APT." FATHER JOHN MISTY

8. "HYPNOTIZE" THE WHITE STRIPES

9. "OUR LOVE" SHARON VAN ETTEN

10. "I PUT A SPELL ON YOU" NINA SIMONE

the Paper cartoon!

illustrated by Claire Nuñez



So...paper fam, ♡
What do you want
to be when you ♡
grow up? ♡



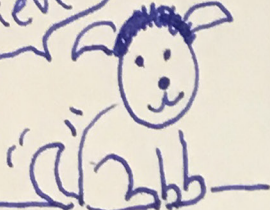
Claire

Well, I'm doing
the same
thing... I'm
going to be
a Super star



Colleen

A golden retriever



MJM

I wanna be
Straight



Marty



David

I wanna
work at
a FUN
MUSEUM



FUN MUSEE

Meredith



Annie



Olivia



Christian

I want to be MJM

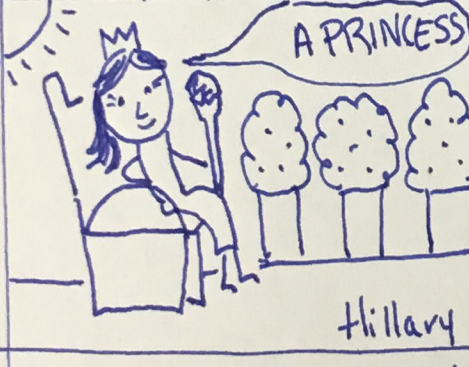
What
the
fuck



Andrew



Jack



Hillary



Katelyne

I WANT TO BE HAPPY!



Robin

Well, a 'special'
'thanks to
FORDHAM
'for educating
'us...'

and making us ☆
☆ Pay a lot of ☆
☆ money to ☆
☆ become awesome...
RUDE! ☆

Okay cool well,
♡ that's it. ♡
Nice! ♡

the end!
☆
☆
☆
Come to our meetings
Tuesdays, 9pm in
☆ McGinley 2nd! ☆